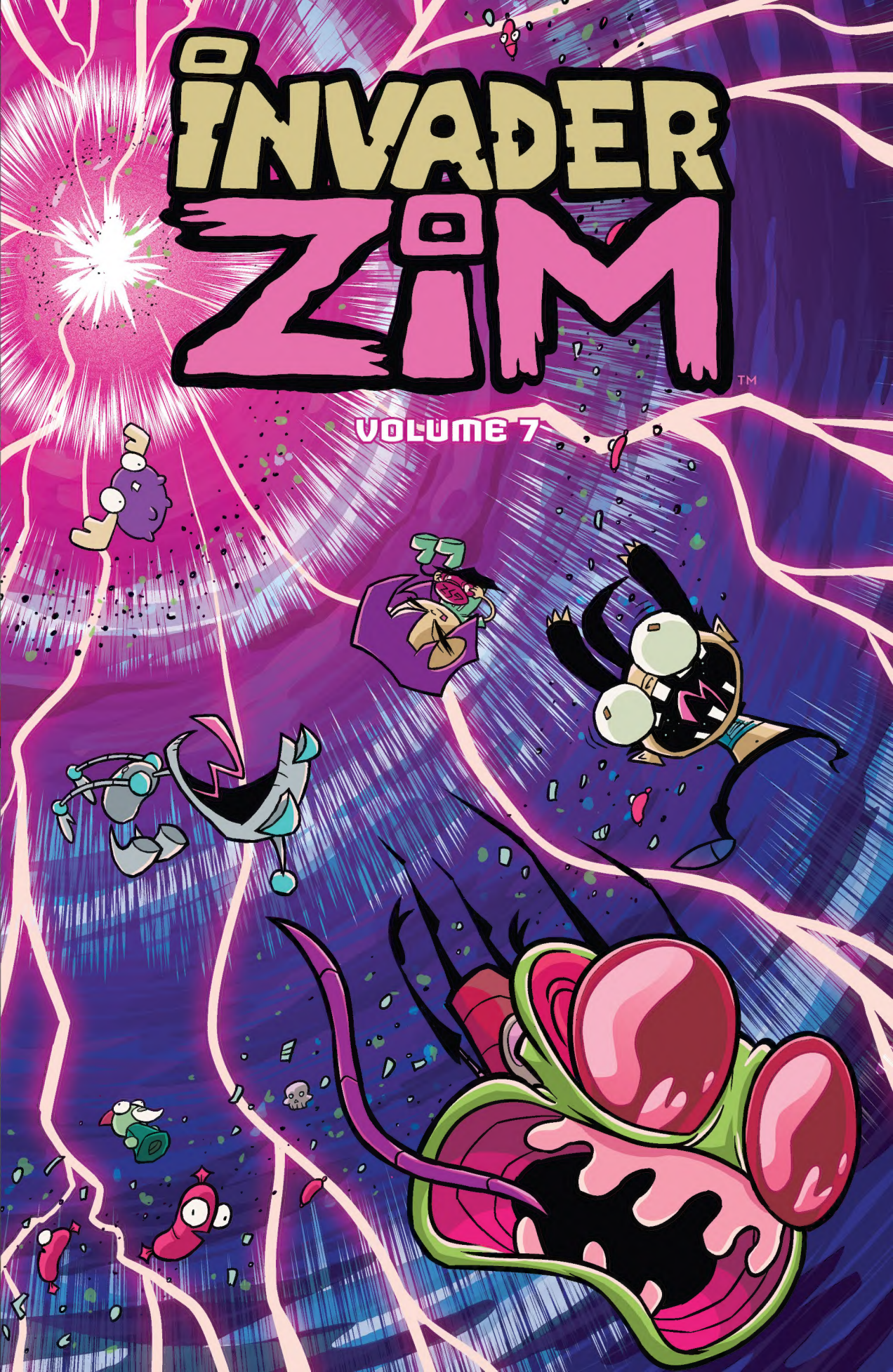


# INVADER ZIM

TM

VOLUME 7





# INVADER ZIM™

VOLUME 7



Created by  
**JHONEN VASQUEZ**





# INVADER ZIM™

## VOLUME 7

Control Brain

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**nickelodeon**

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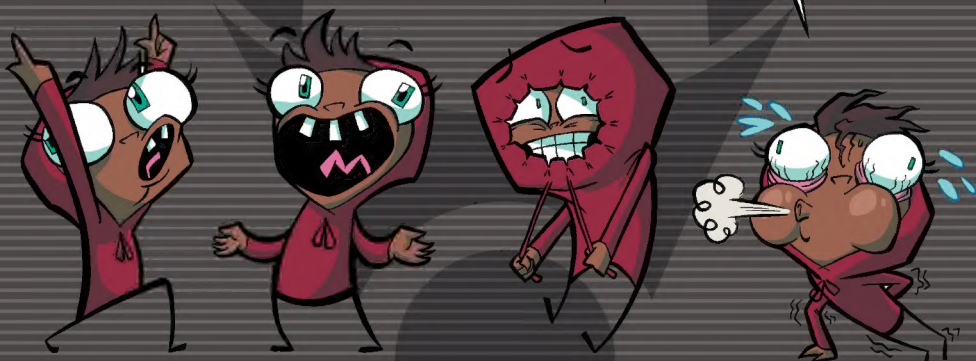


## CHAPTER: 1

illustration by **MADDIE C.** with **FRED C. STRESING**



**HI EVERYONE!** Everyone reading the comic, that is! Let me recap myself, because I'm Recap Kid and this is where the recaps get capped! They get capped **RIGHT HERE!** In the **WORDS** above **MY HEAD!** There's a balloon coming out of my mouth telling **YOU** what the **THINGS** are! **WOW**, technology!!!! **HAHAHA! HA!** **LAST TIME**, we were all looking at Dib who was investigating a paranormal thing! Or paranormal things! Lots of 'em, too many to count! **OH!!!** And did you see the **BIRD WINKING AT THE END?** You might have missed it, so that's why I'm here, to **TELL YOU!** **ABOUT IT!** This issue, uhhhh, **ZIM** and **Dib** get in a big ol' competition to see who can work out harder! It's really... really gross, guys, just really... I don't... **HURF...** Uggghhhhhhh **OKAY I'M BETTER NOW HAHAHA OKAY LET'S READ IT!**



Recap Kid illustrated by **KATE SHERRON**,  
colored by **FRED C. STRESING**,  
and lettered by **WARREN WUCINICH**





AND SO,  
CLASS, THAT'S WHY THE  
MEANING OF YOUR FLEETING  
EXISTENCE IS NOT ONLY  
UNKNOWNABLE, IT'S  
IRRELEVANT...

AND  
WHY GRETCHEN'S  
SCIENCE PROJECT  
GETS ONLY A  
B-.

<SNIFF>

DON'T CRY.  
YOUR GRADE WON'T  
MATTER LONG BEFORE  
OUR SUN DIES OUT IN  
FIVE BILLION  
YEARS.

SHOW  
AND/OR  
TELL

CAN I  
GO NEXT, MISS  
BITTERS? I HAVE  
A PROJECT  
THAT-

PROVES  
ZIM IS AN ALIEN?  
AGAIN?

YES.



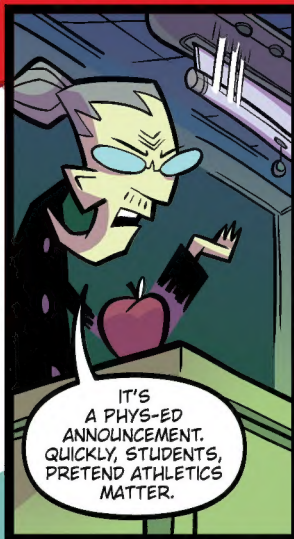




NO.

DARK VICTORY IS MINE, EARTH MONKEY!

!!! PHYS-ED ALERT!!! PHYS-ED ALERT!!!



IT'S A PHYS-ED ANNOUNCEMENT. QUICKLY, STUDENTS, PRETEND ATHLETICS MATTER.



CHILDREN OF SKOOL! THE TIME HAS COME!



AT LAST! MY HEAD-DISINTEGRATOR IS PREPARED!

TIME FOR THE PRESIDENTMAN'S NATIONAL PHYSICAL PHITNESS TEST!

OH-HHH.





A TEST  
DESIGNED TO  
HUMILIATE YOU  
ON A NATIONAL  
LEVEL!



ER-I MEAN,  
RANK YOUR PHYSICAL  
PHITNESS AGAINST  
STUDENTS ALL OVER  
THE NATION.



THE TEST IS  
STUPID! IT MAKES YOU  
DO EXERCISES NOBODY EVER  
DOES, AND THEN JUDGES YOU  
ON AN IMPOSSIBLE SCALE,  
FOR NO REASON  
AT ALL!

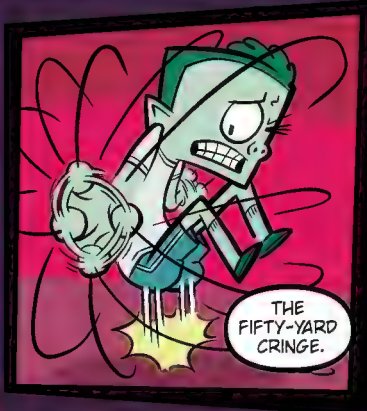


THE REASON  
IS TO MAKE YOU  
LEARN THAT YOU'LL  
NEVER BE GOOD  
ENOUGH!

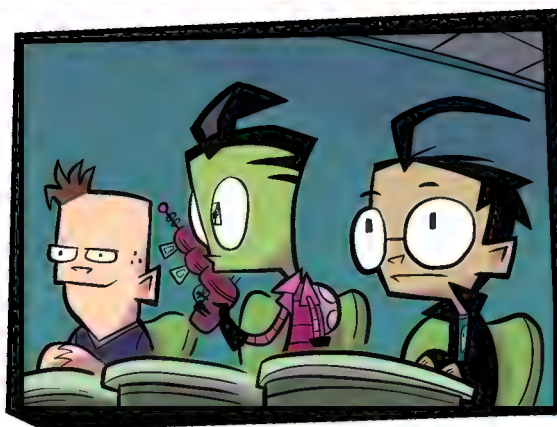


HOW DID  
SHE HEAR  
ME?

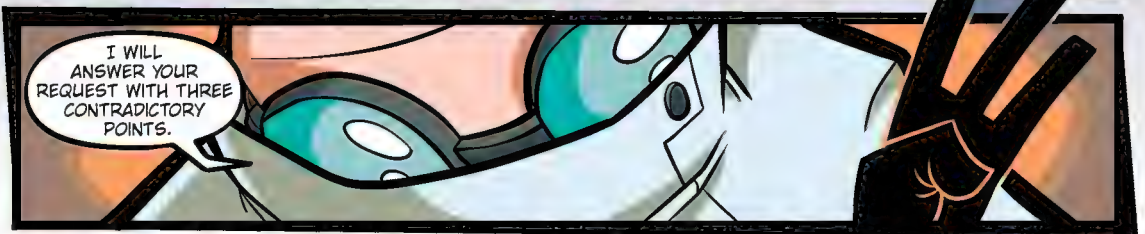
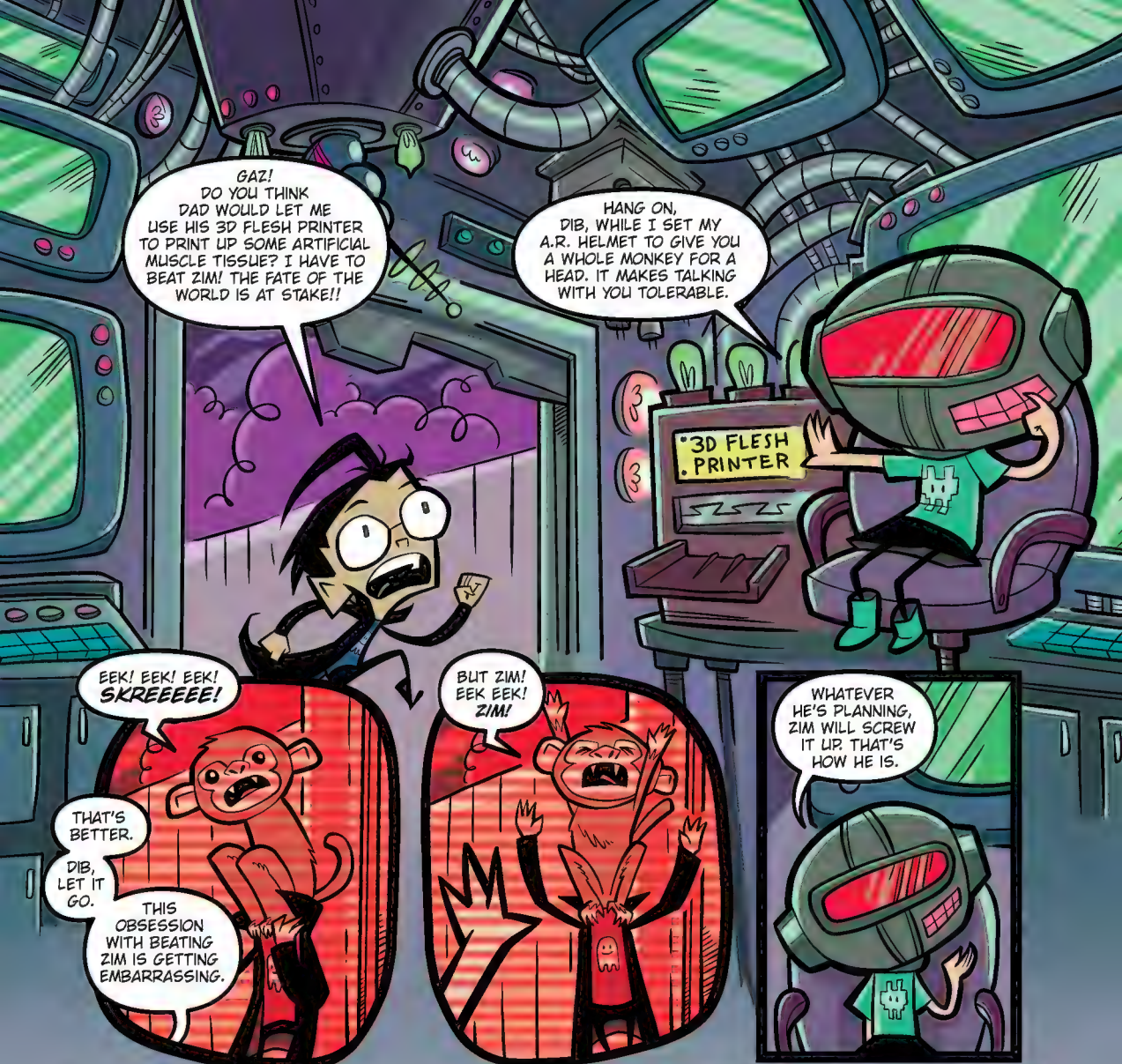
















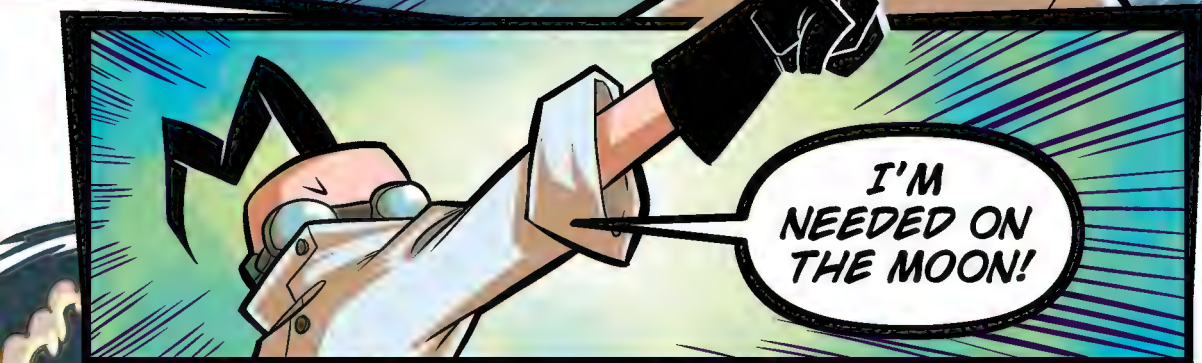
ONE: THAT'S CHEATING! AND CHEATING IS WRONG UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES!



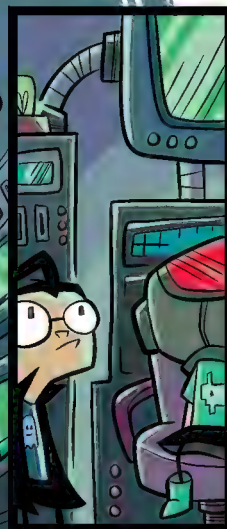
BUT TWO: THE TEST IS FOOLISH! THE MAINTENANCE OF THE HUMAN MEAT CASE IS UP TO THE INDIVIDUAL! TURNING PHYSICAL FITNESS INTO A COMPETITION THAT ONLY REWARDS THE ELITE JUST GIVES THEM A FALSE SENSE OF SUPERIORITY! ONE THAT WILL BE BRUTALLY RIPPED AWAY WHEN EXPOSED TO THE DEMANDS OF REAL LIFE.



SO THREE: DO WHATEVER YOU WANT. I WON'T BE HERE, ANYWAY.



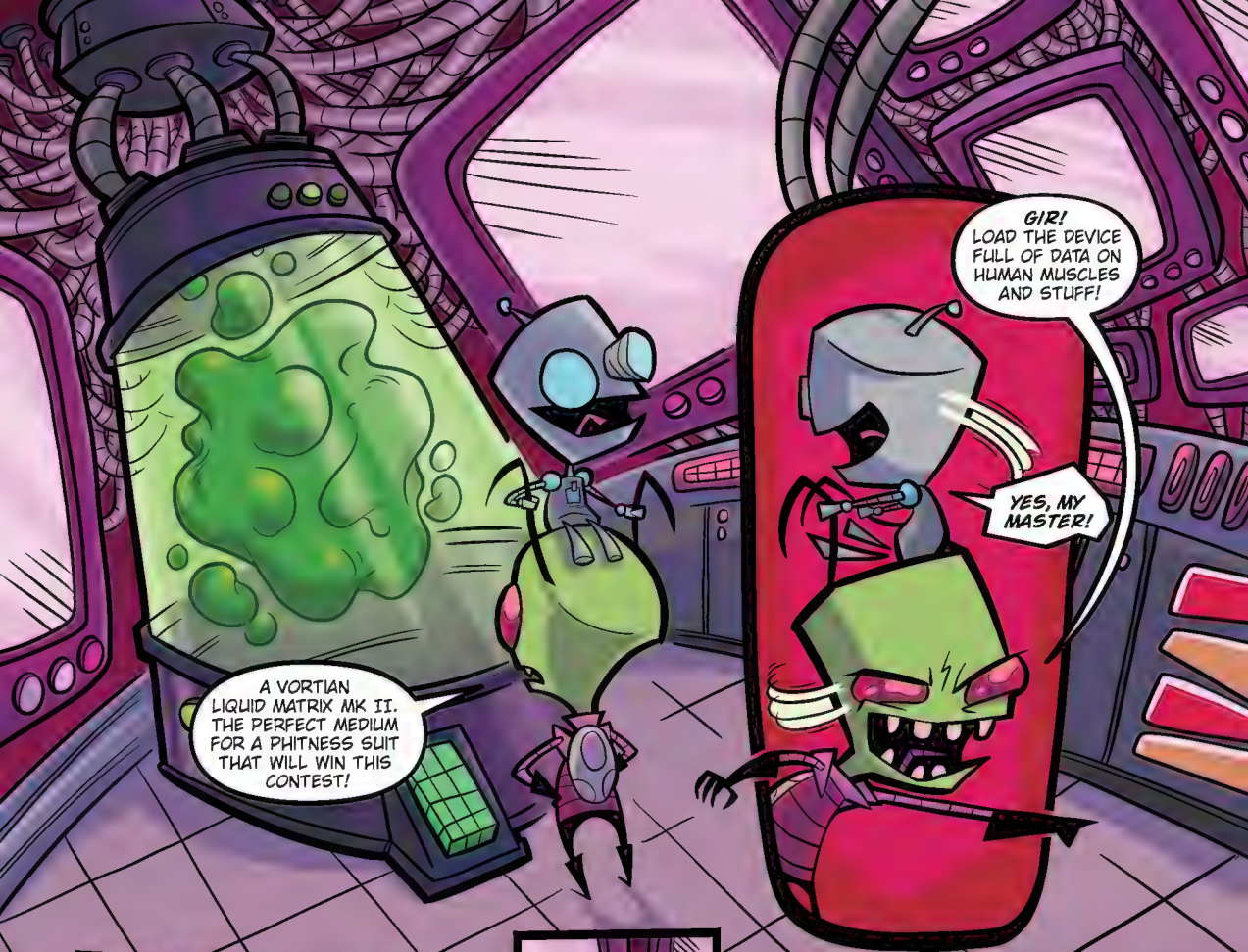
I'M NEEDED ON THE MOON!



I'M GONNA DO IT.

YEAH, YEAH. "EEK EEK EEK."

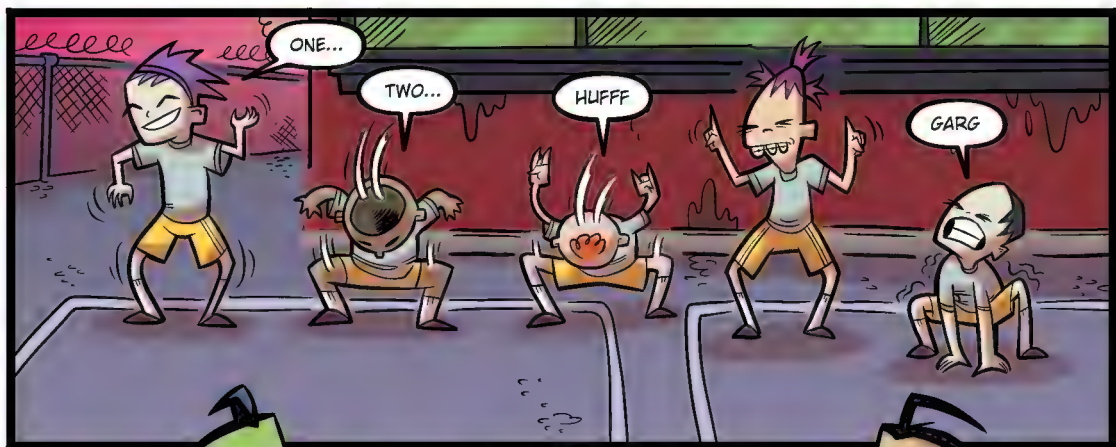




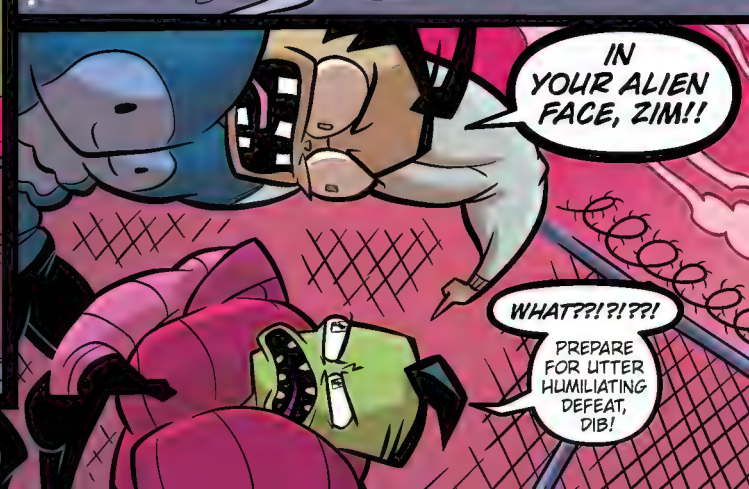
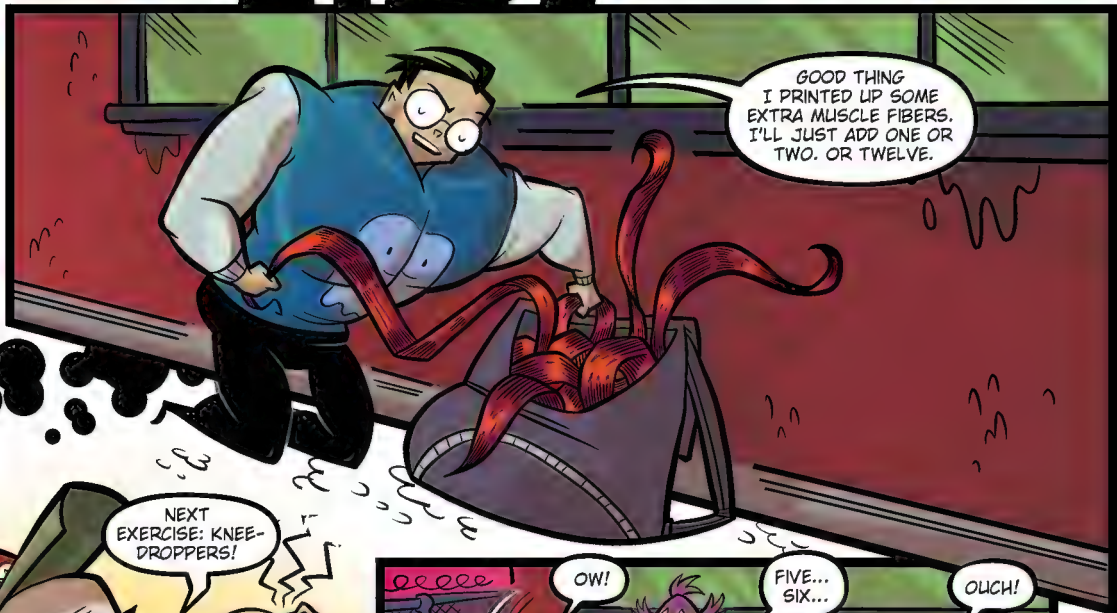




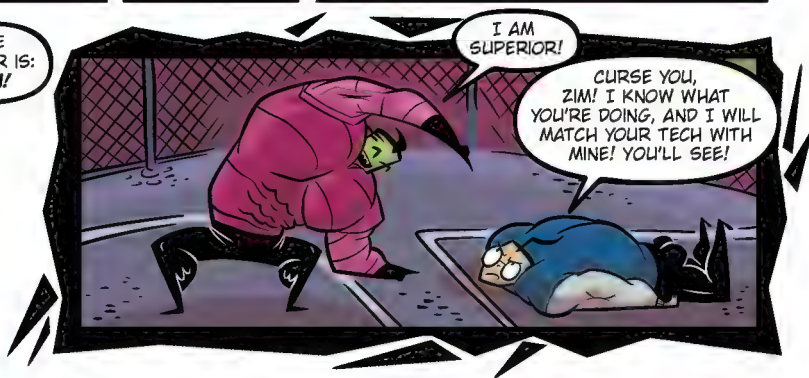
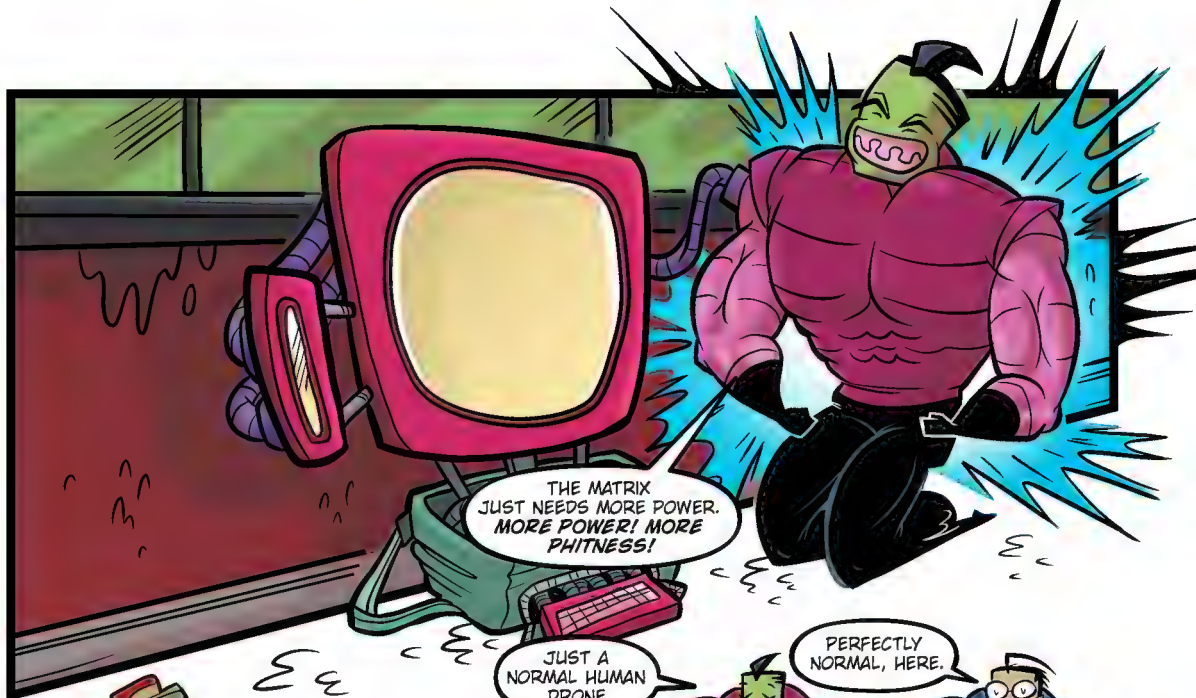










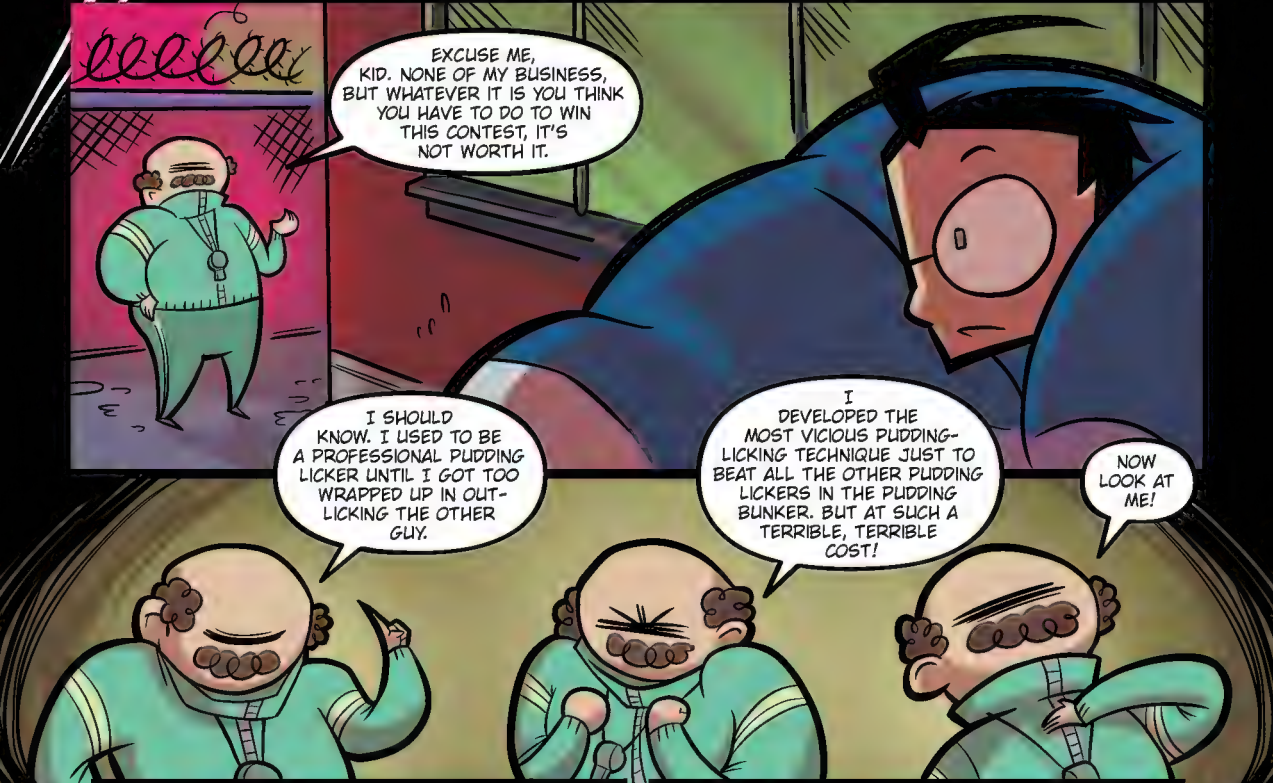






MAXIMUM POWER!!!

I'LL USE EVERY LAST MUSCLE FIBER I HAVE TO KEEP ZIM FROM WINNING. EVEN IF IT MEANS TALKING TO MYSELF!



EXCUSE ME, KID. NONE OF MY BUSINESS, BUT WHATEVER IT IS YOU THINK YOU HAVE TO DO TO WIN THIS CONTEST, IT'S NOT WORTH IT.

I SHOULD KNOW. I USED TO BE A PROFESSIONAL PUDDING LICKER UNTIL I GOT TOO WRAPPED UP IN OUT-LICKING THE OTHER GUY.

I DEVELOPED THE MOST VICIOUS PUDDING-LICKING TECHNIQUE JUST TO BEAT ALL THE OTHER PUDDING LICKERS IN THE PUDDING BUNKER. BUT AT SUCH A TERRIBLE, TERRIBLE COST!

NOW LOOK AT ME!



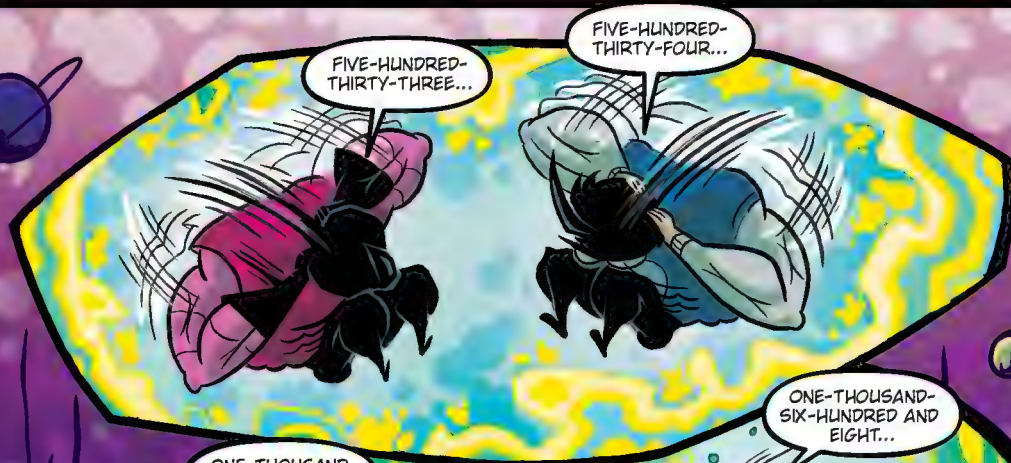
I'M... I'M JUST GONNA PRETEND YOU WERE NEVER HERE.

I DO THAT ALL THE TIME.









FZZOOON





INFINITY...

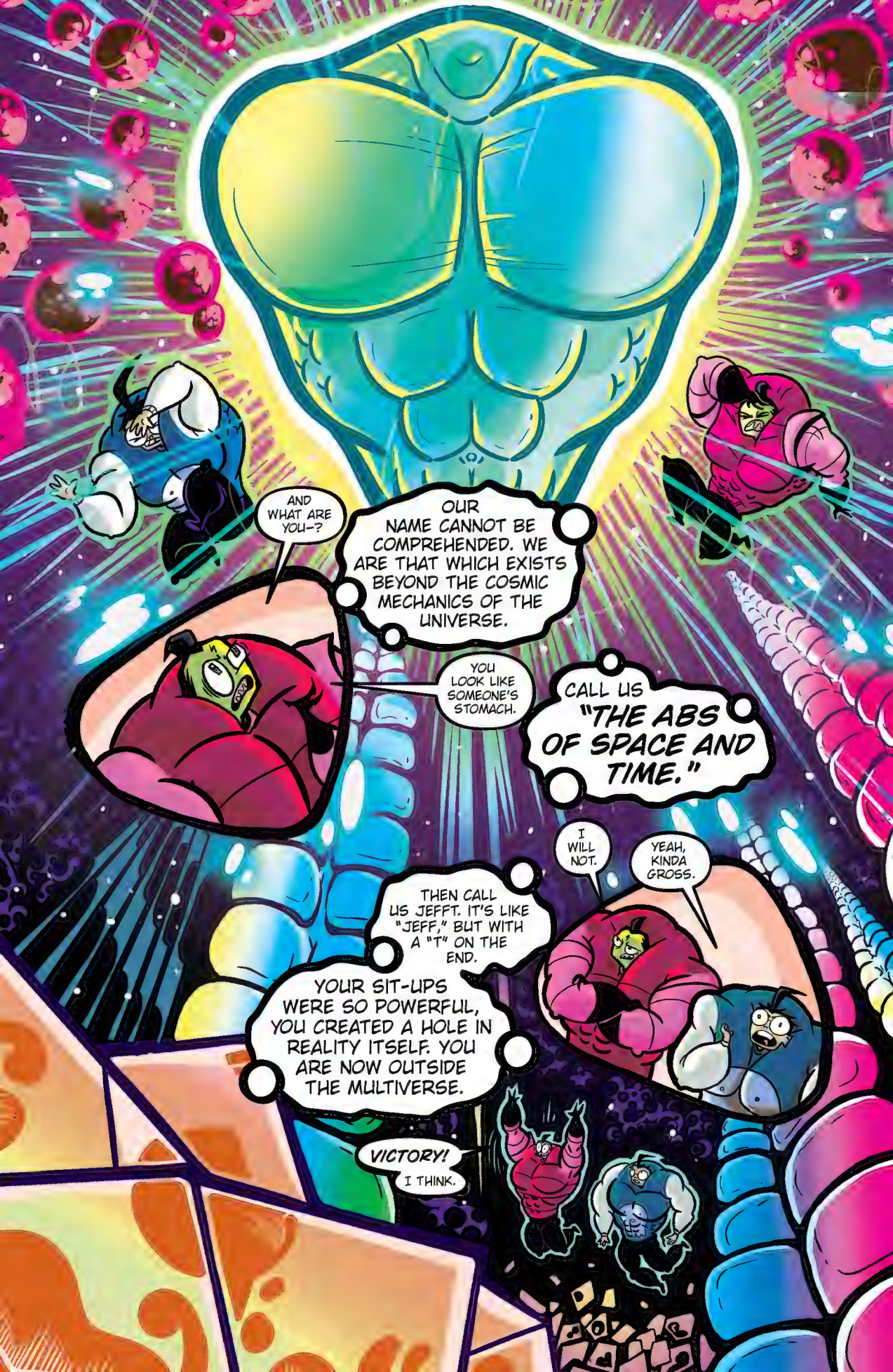
INFINITY PLUS ONE...

INFINITY PLUS TWO...

INFINITY PLUS THREE...

INFINITY PLUS-WAIT, WHERE ARE WE?





AND  
WHAT ARE  
YOU-?

OUR  
NAME CANNOT BE  
COMPREHENDED. WE  
ARE THAT WHICH EXISTS  
BEYOND THE COSMIC  
MECHANICS OF THE  
UNIVERSE.

YOU  
LOOK LIKE  
SOMEONE'S  
STOMACH.

CALL US  
"THE ABS  
OF SPACE AND  
TIME."

I  
WILL  
NOT.

YEAH,  
KINDA  
GROSS.

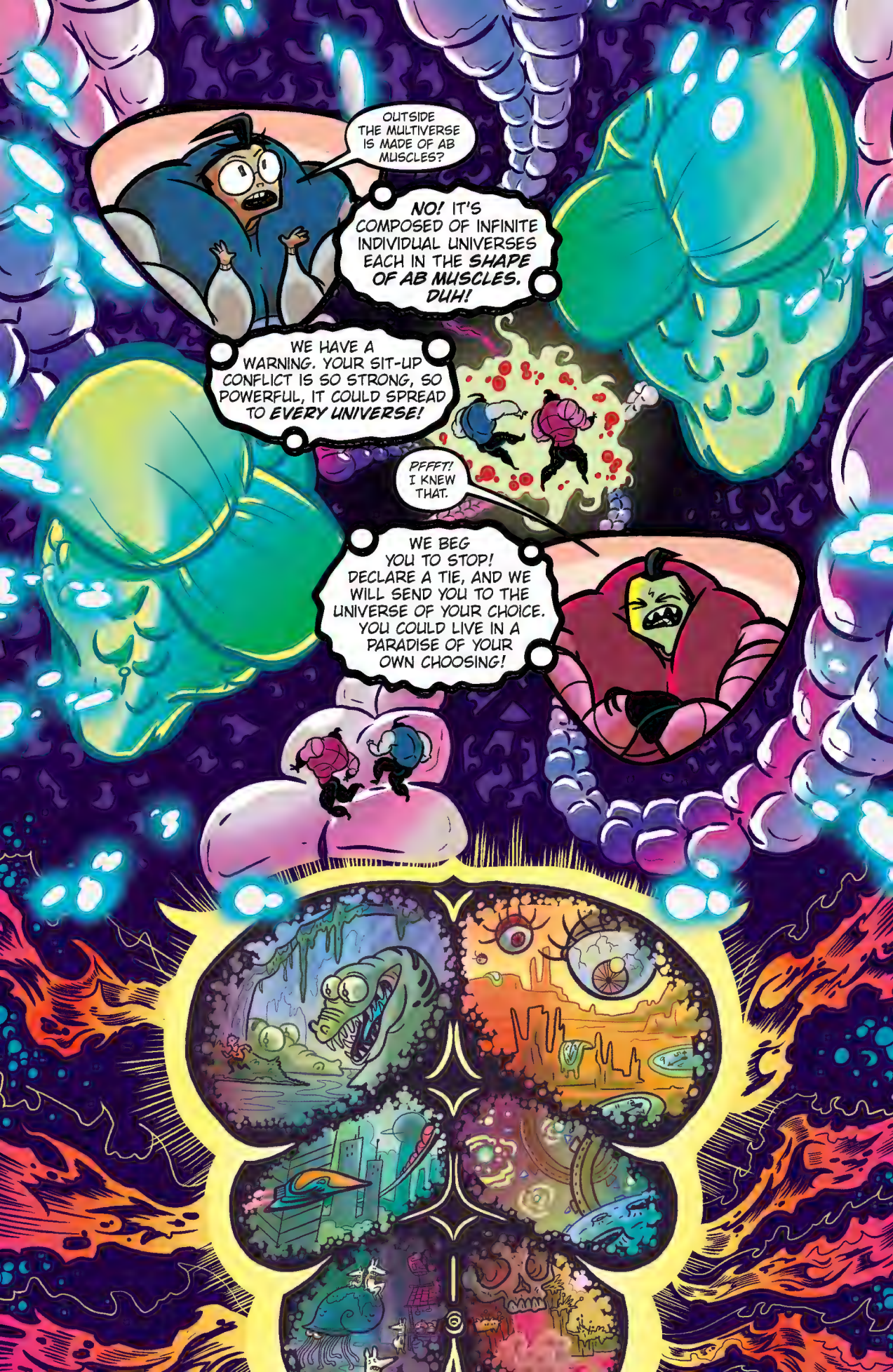
THEN CALL  
US JEFFT. IT'S LIKE  
"JEFF," BUT WITH  
A "T" ON THE  
END.

YOUR SIT-UPS  
WERE SO POWERFUL,  
YOU CREATED A HOLE IN  
REALITY ITSELF. YOU  
ARE NOW OUTSIDE  
THE MULTIVERSE.

VICTORY!  
I THINK.







OUTSIDE  
THE MULTIVERSE  
IS MADE OF AB  
MUSCLES?

NO! IT'S  
COMPOSED OF INFINITE  
INDIVIDUAL UNIVERSES  
EACH IN THE SHAPE  
OF AB MUSCLES.  
DUH!

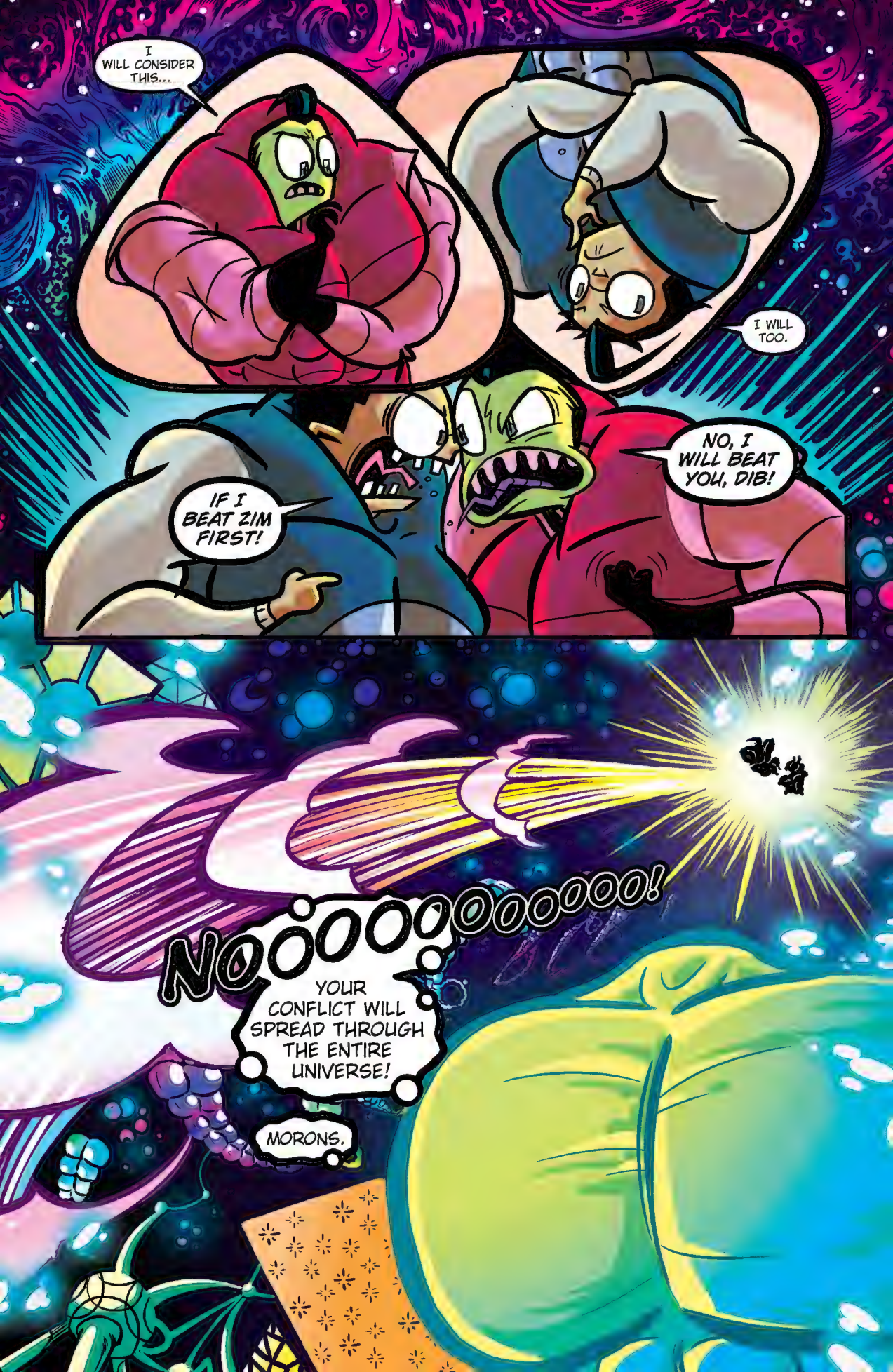
WE HAVE A  
WARNING. YOUR SIT-UP  
CONFLICT IS SO STRONG, SO  
POWERFUL, IT COULD SPREAD  
TO *EVERY* UNIVERSE!

PFFFT!  
I KNEW  
THAT.

WE BEG  
YOU TO STOP!  
DECLARE A TIE, AND WE  
WILL SEND YOU TO THE  
UNIVERSE OF YOUR CHOICE.  
YOU COULD LIVE IN A  
PARADISE OF YOUR  
OWN CHOOSING!







I  
WILL CONSIDER  
THIS...

I WILL  
TOO.

IF I  
BEAT ZIM  
FIRST!

NO, I  
WILL BEAT  
YOU, DIB!

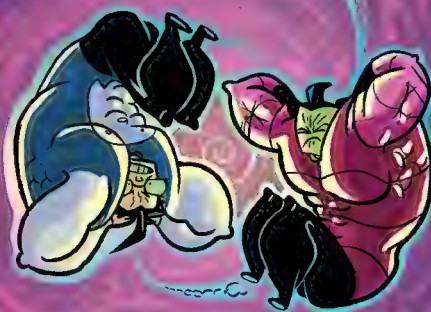
NOOOOOOOOOOOO!

YOUR  
CONFLICT WILL  
SPREAD THROUGH  
THE ENTIRE  
UNIVERSE!

MORONS.



AND THUS DID ZIM AND DIB'S SIT-UP  
CONFLICT SPREAD TO EVERY UNIVERSE.  
MANIFESTING DIFFERENTLY IN EACH ONE.



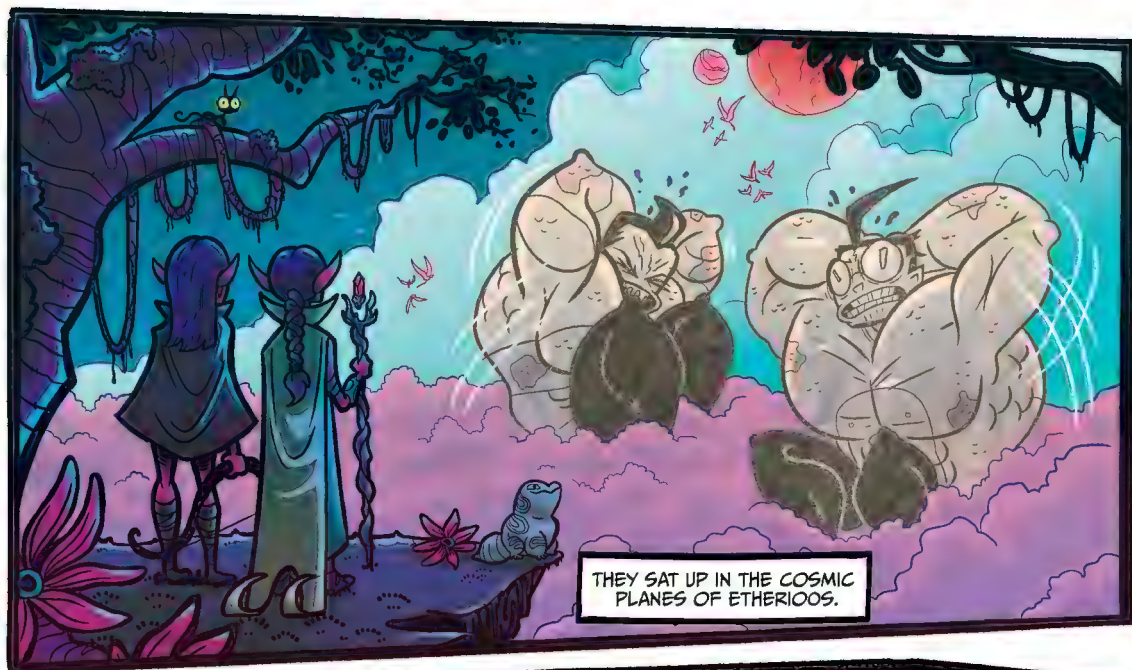
THEY SAT UP IN THE  
KLOOVOO-FOOVOO.



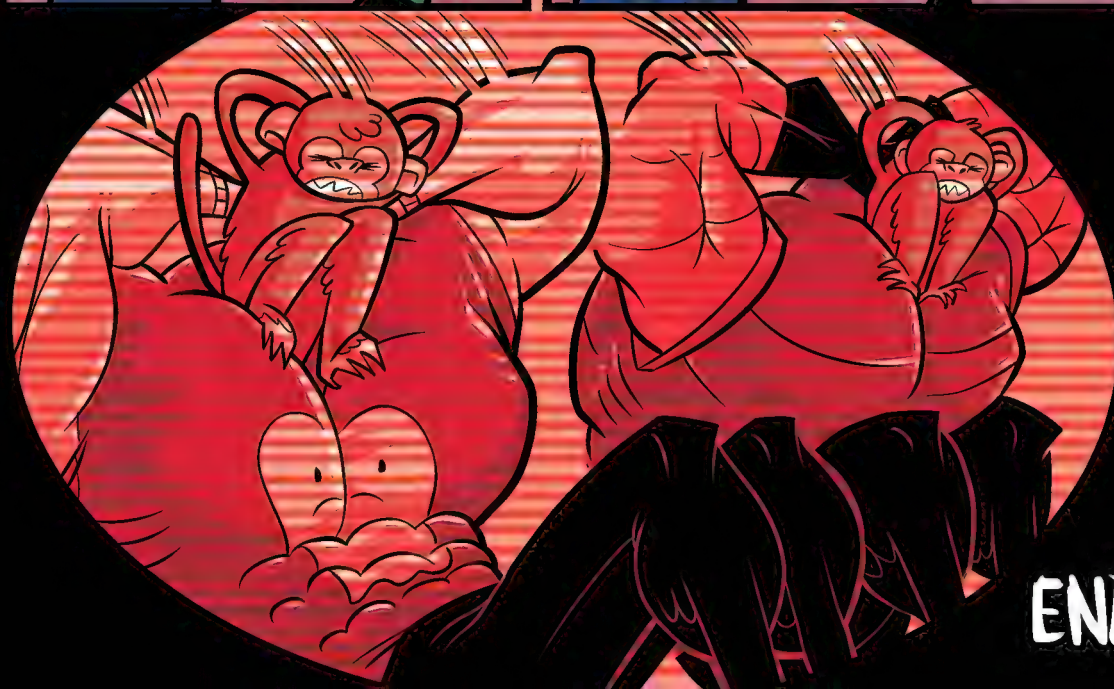
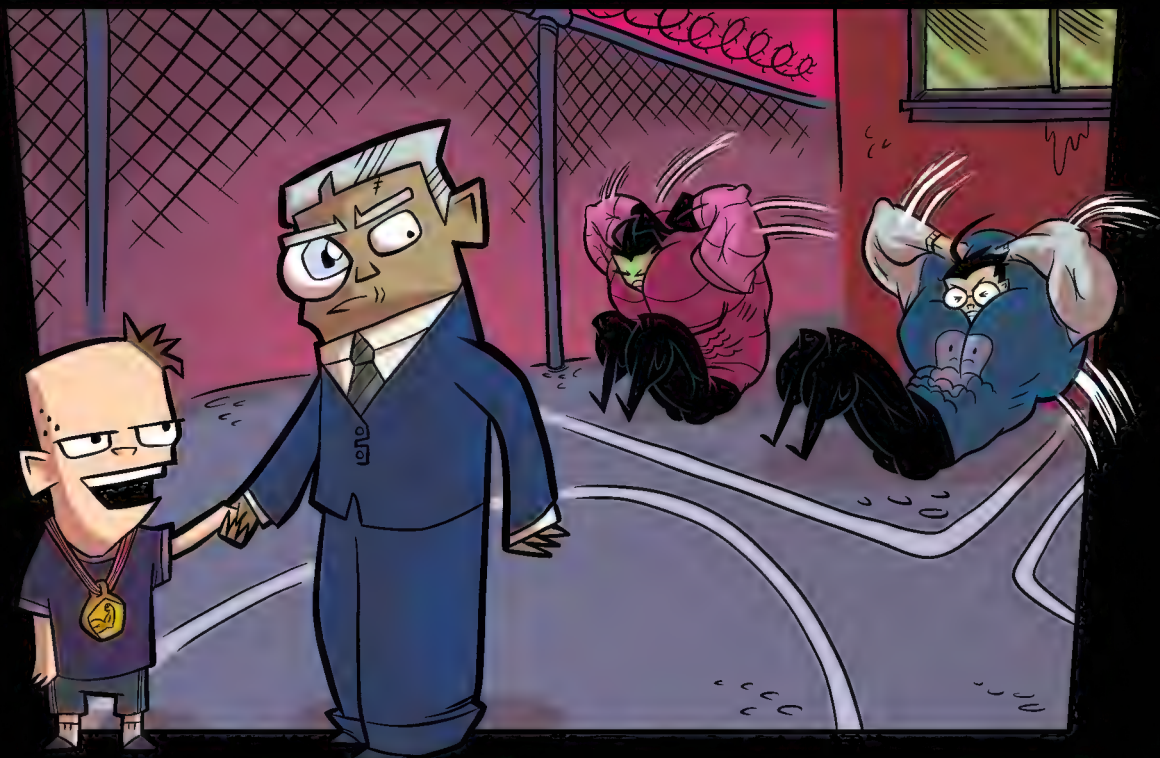
THEY SAT UP IN THE  
REALM OF PRIMITIVA.











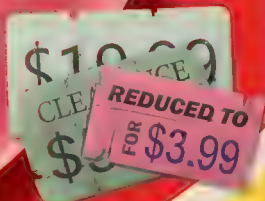
END!



# INVADER ZIM™

IT'S **MR.  
WIENER  
FACE!**

A FUN-LOVING  
FRIEND FOR ALL:  
A WIENER WITH  
EYES



Complete With:  
**1 WEENIE, AND 1 PAIR  
OF GOOGLY EYES**

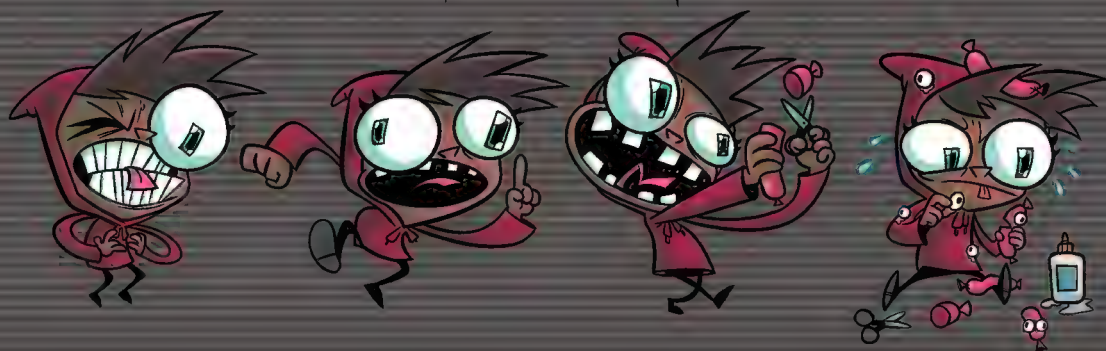


## CHAPTER: 2

illustration by **FRED C. STRESING**



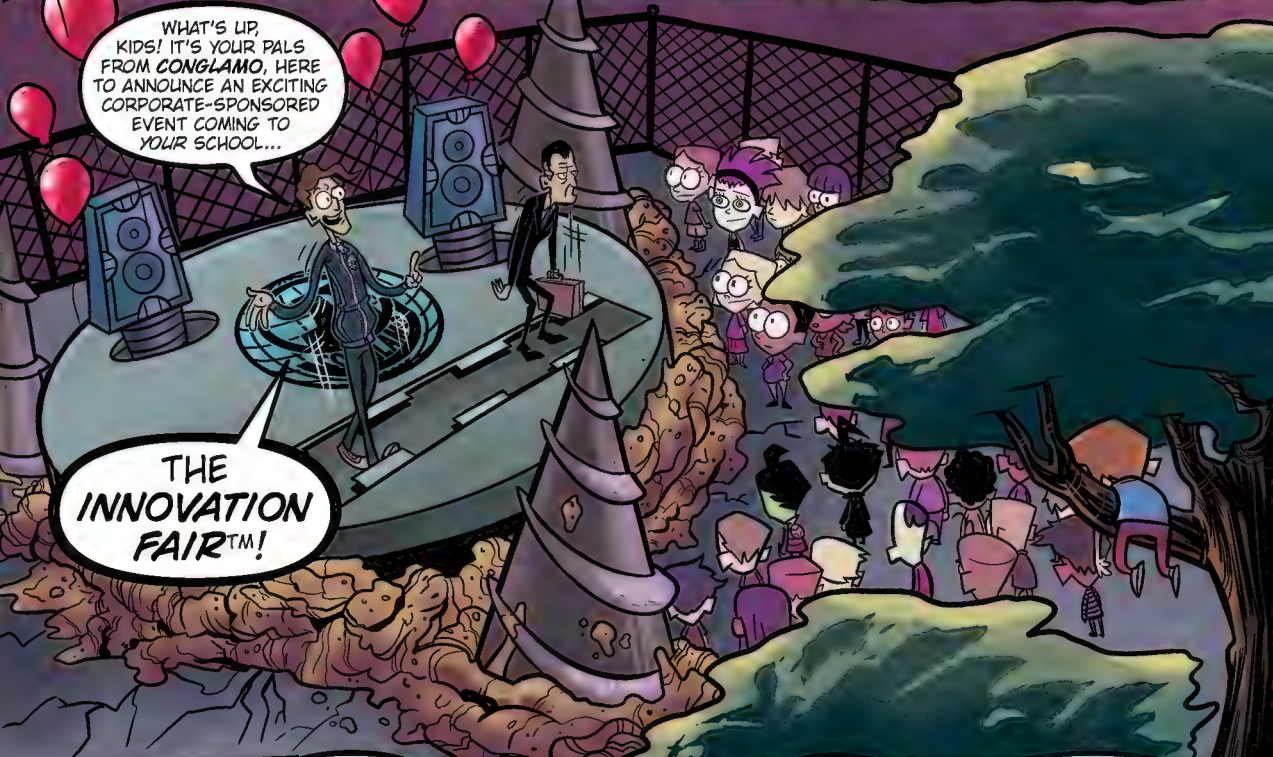
Wow you GUYS I am still a little bit sick about that last issue. WAY too many muscles! I'm really glad everyone's back to normal now, because I was getting A LITTLE FEISTY ABOUT IT! I DON'T LIKE CHANGE ALL THE TIME!!! HAHA! Now in this issue, everyone's drawn a bit different! Even me????! WHOA, AAAAAA I'M HAVING AN IDENTITY CRISIS no it's fine, but HEY! Okay, aside from the different drawings, this issue's got a lot of wieners in it, so if you like wieners YOU'RE GONNA LIKE THIS. And I also figured out how to make your own MR. WIENER FACE from home! YOU NEED A WIENER, first of all, that's obvious! GO GET ONE! Now tear a mouth into its FLESH!!! Okay, now get GOOGLY EYES and glue them right on there on top ABOVE THE MOUTH, that part's important but if you mess up that's okay! Wieners come in packs of eight? I think? I've gone through about twelve! WIENERS!!!!













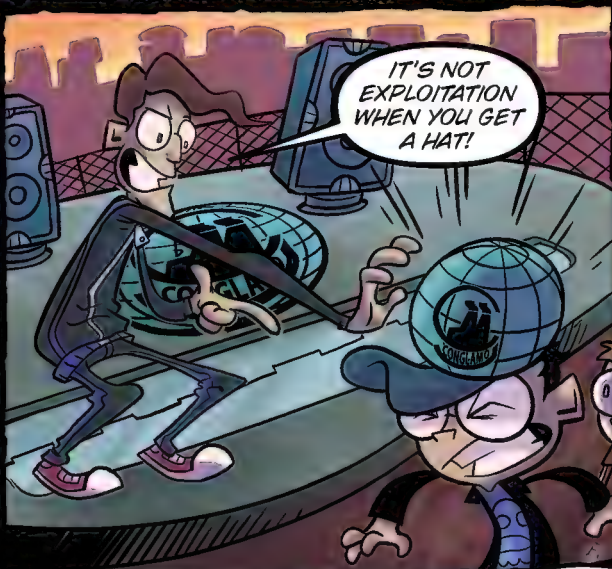


PLUS, EVERYONE WHO PARTICIPATES WILL GET A FREE HAT.

WOO, FREE HAT!



HOLD ON A MINUTE. ISN'T GETTING STUDENTS TO BRAINSTORM FREE PRODUCT IDEAS FOR A GIANT COMPANY, LIKE... *INSANELY* EXPLOITATIVE?

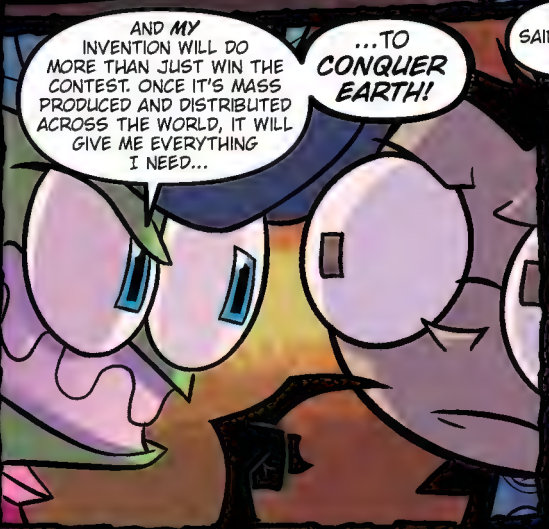


IT'S NOT EXPLOITATION WHEN YOU GET A HAT!



IT WOULD BE POINTLESS FOR YOU TO ENTER ANYWAY, DIB.

MY GENIUS BRAIN HAS *ALREADY* CONCEIVED THE WINNING INVENTION.



AND MY INVENTION WILL DO MORE THAN JUST WIN THE CONTEST. ONCE IT'S MASS PRODUCED AND DISTRIBUTED ACROSS THE WORLD, IT WILL GIVE ME EVERYTHING I NEED...

...TO CONQUER EARTH!



SEE? HE SAID "CONQUER EARTH"!

WHY DOES NO ONE ELSE NOTICE THIS STUFF?

FREE HAT!



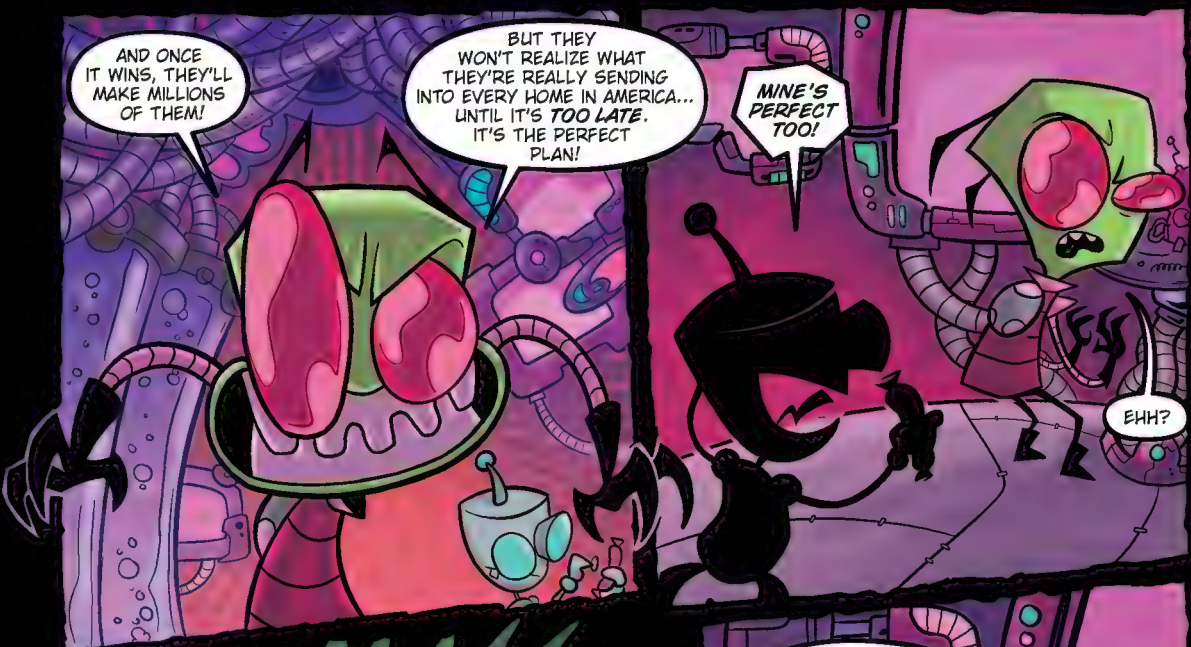




*SQUEEEEEEEEEEE*







AND ONCE IT WINS, THEY'LL MAKE MILLIONS OF THEM!

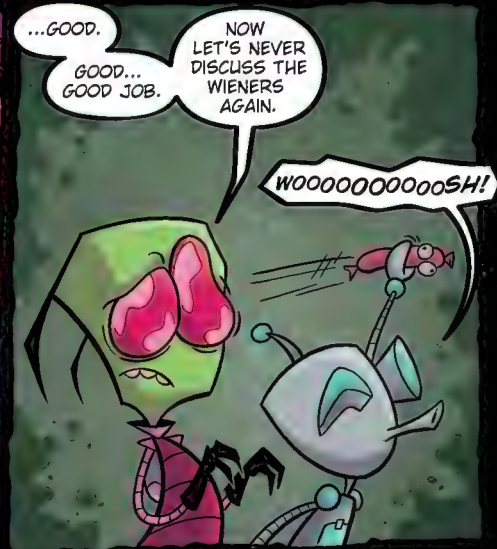
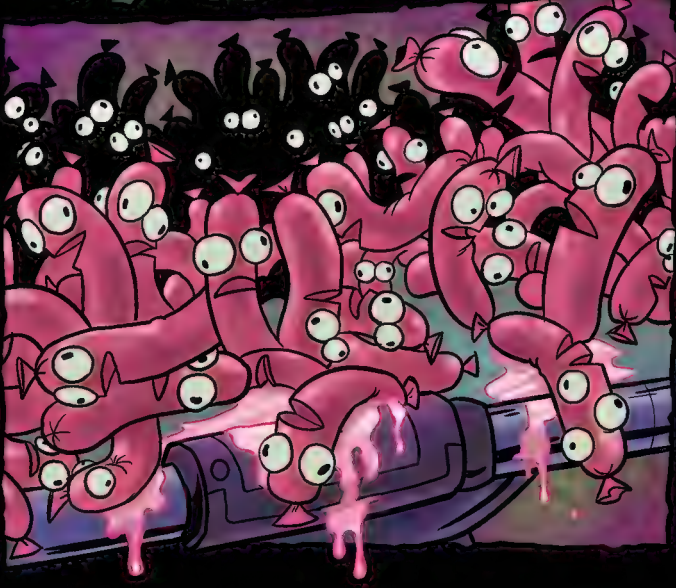
BUT THEY WON'T REALIZE WHAT THEY'RE REALLY SENDING INTO EVERY HOME IN AMERICA... UNTIL IT'S TOO LATE. IT'S THE PERFECT PLAN!

MINE'S PERFECT TOO!

EHH?



UGH! THIS... THIS WIENER IS WHAT YOU'VE BEEN WORKING ON ALL NIGHT? IT'S-



...GOOD.

GOOD... GOOD JOB.

NOW LET'S NEVER DISCUSS THE WIENERS AGAIN.

WOOOOOOOOOOOSH!





THE  
NEXT EXHIBIT IS  
RIGHT THIS WAY,  
CONGLAMATRON,  
MA'AM.

AHHHH!  
MONSTER!  
MONSTER!

DON'T  
WORRY, LITTLE  
ONE! CONGLAMATRON  
ISN'T A **MONSTER**.

SHE'S  
JUST A COLD,  
UNFEELING AUTOMATON,  
CONSTRUCTED TO BE THE  
PERFECT CEO BY USING  
THE COMBINED BUSINESS  
KNOWLEDGE STORED IN  
THE BRAINS OF OUR  
PREVIOUS 20  
HUMAN CEOs.

I DEEM THIS  
INVENTION  
WORTHY...

...OF  
INCINERATION!

HA HA,  
THAT WON'T BE  
NECESSARY, MA'AM!  
WHY DON'T WE JUST  
TAKE A LOOK AT  
THE NEXT  
BOOTH?



CONGLAMATRON IS DEEPLY DISAPPOINTED BY BOTH THE POOR TECHNICAL SKILL AND LIMITED COMMERCIAL INSIGHT OF THESE UNPAID CHILDREN.

ARE THESE REALLY THE BEST IDEAS THAT \$30 WORTH OF HATS COULD BUY?

WELL, WHAT ABOUT THIS ONE? IT LOOKS... ER... INTERESTING.

EXPLAIN YOURSELF.

OH! CERTAINLY, MA'AM. IT'S... IT'S A LINEAR CHARGE LASER HEDGE TRIMMER.

OR, WAIT, NO. THAT'S NOT WHAT IT WOULD UP BEING. IT WAS AN INVERSE CHARGE LASER CHEESE SLICER. RIGHT?

OR WAS IT A CHEESE MELTER? OR—

ACK!

BORN!!

OW, MY BRAINS!

AHH! I'M SORRY! IT WASN'T SUPPOSED TO DO THAT!

I THINK!

I THINK WE'VE SEEN ENOUGH! THIS WAY, MA'AM.

WAIT! COME BACK! I JUST NEED TO MAKE A LITTLE ADJUSTMENT AND IT'LL BE READY TO DO...

...WHATEVER IT IS THAT IT'S SUPPOSED TO DO!

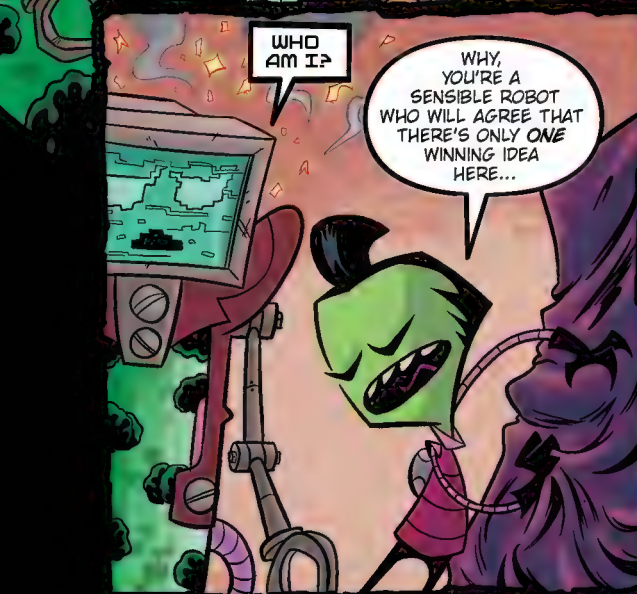
I'M SO TIRED.





WELCOME,  
CONGLAMOGONIANS!

FORGET ALL  
THE DISAPPOINTING  
GARBAGE YOU'VE  
SEEN SO FAR.



WHO  
AM I?

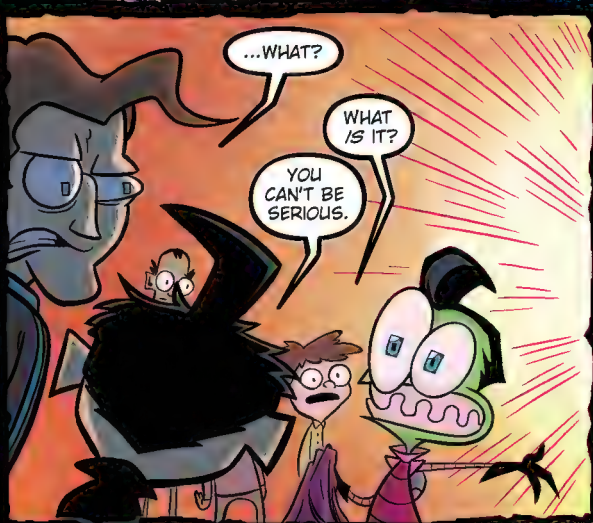
WHY, YOU'RE A  
SENSIBLE ROBOT  
WHO WILL AGREE THAT  
THERE'S ONLY ONE  
WINNING IDEA  
HERE...



AND  
THAT WINNING  
IDEA IS...

GASP!

Swift!



...WHAT?

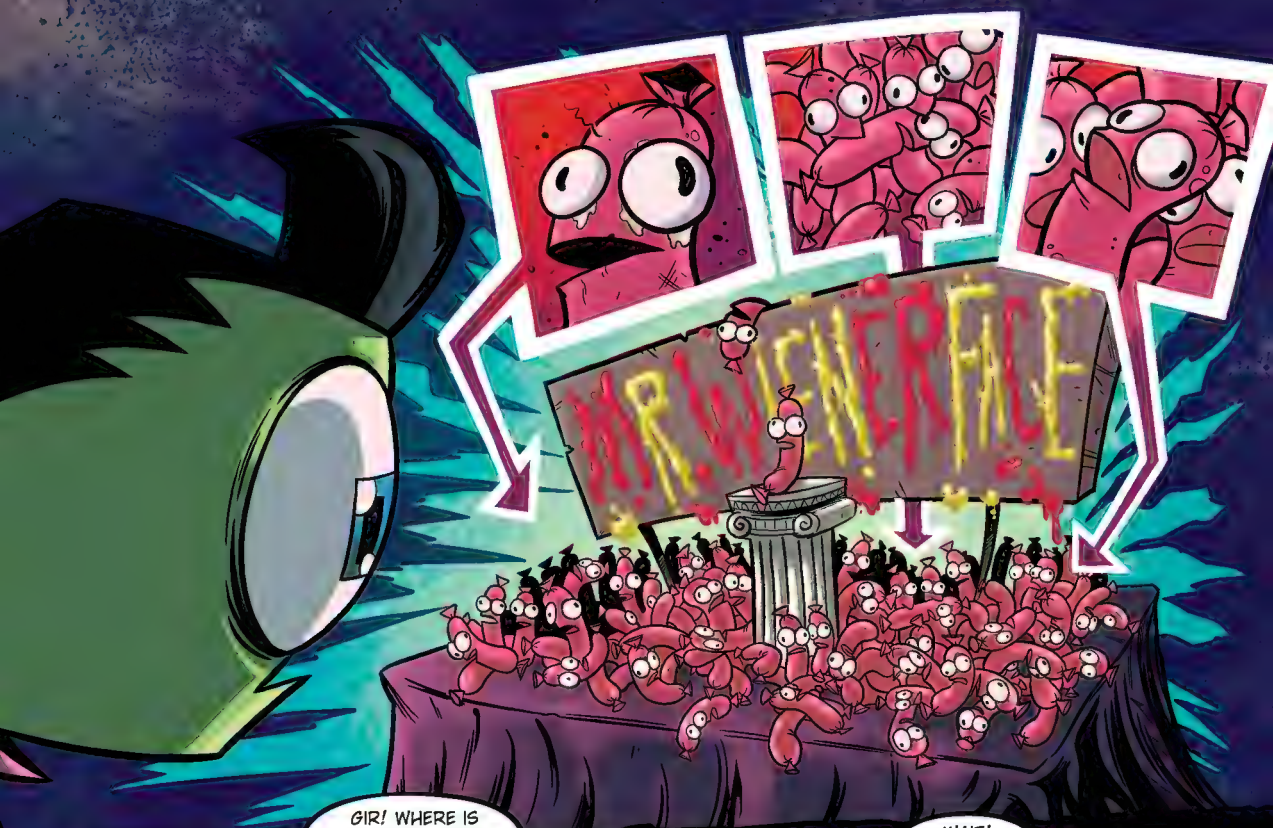
WHAT  
IS IT?

YOU  
CAN'T BE  
SERIOUS.



WHAT?  
WHAT'S WRONG  
WITH MY-



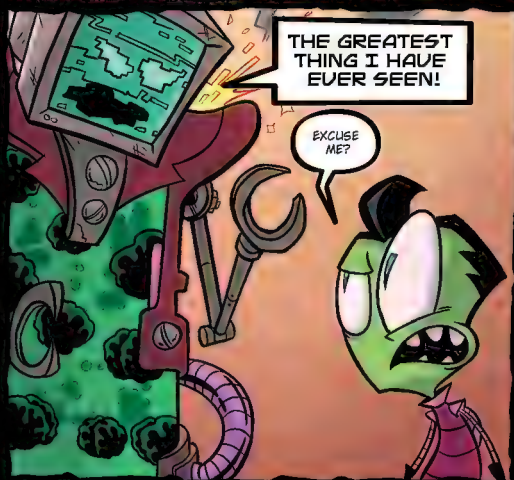
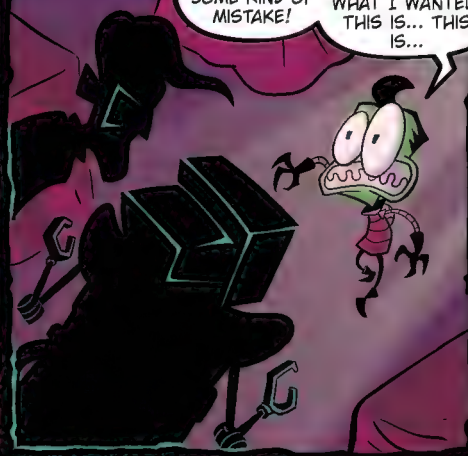


GIR! WHERE IS  
MY INVENTION? WHY...  
WHY ARE THERE  
WIENERS?

THEY  
WANTED TO  
COME!

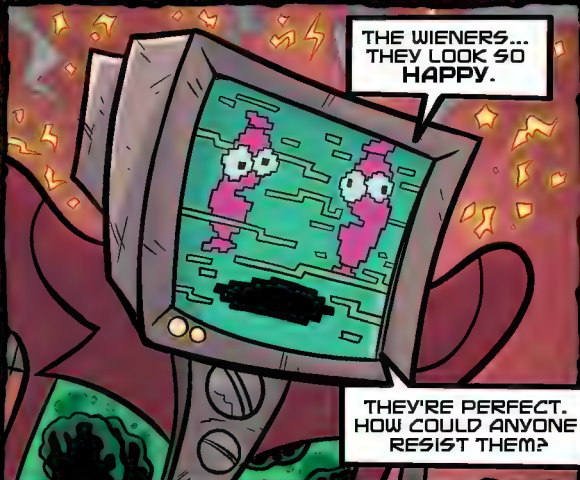
WAIT!  
THERE'S BEEN  
SOME KIND OF  
MISTAKE!

THIS ISN'T  
WHAT I WANTED!  
THIS IS... THIS  
IS...



THE GREATEST  
THING I HAVE  
EVER SEEN!

EXCUSE  
ME?



THE WIENERS...  
THEY LOOK SO  
HAPPY.

THEY'RE PERFECT.  
HOW COULD ANYONE  
RESIST THEM?





CONGLAMATRON DOES NOT NEED TO SEE THE REST OF THE ENTRIES. I PRONOUNCE YOU THE WIENER. ER, WINNER.

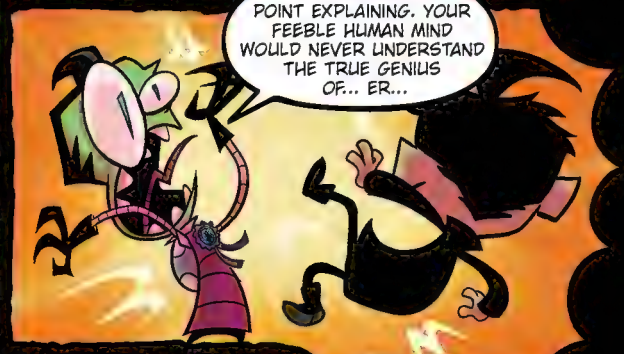
YOU DO?  
I MEAN... YES... YES, OF COURSE YOU DO. VICTORY... VICTORY IS MINE.

NO!



WHAT HAVE YOU DONE, ZIM? WHAT'S THE TRICK, HERE?

HOW DOES IT WORK? HOW CAN YOU CONQUER THE EARTH USING THESE... THESE WIENERS?



THERE'S NO POINT EXPLAINING. YOUR FEEBLE HUMAN MIND WOULD NEVER UNDERSTAND THE TRUE GENIUS OF... ER...



...ALL THIS.



WELL THEN, THERE'S NO TIME TO WASTE!

CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR BIG WIN, ENTRANT. WE'LL GET PRODUCTION STARTED RIGHT AWAY!

TO THE FACTORY!



...WIENERS?

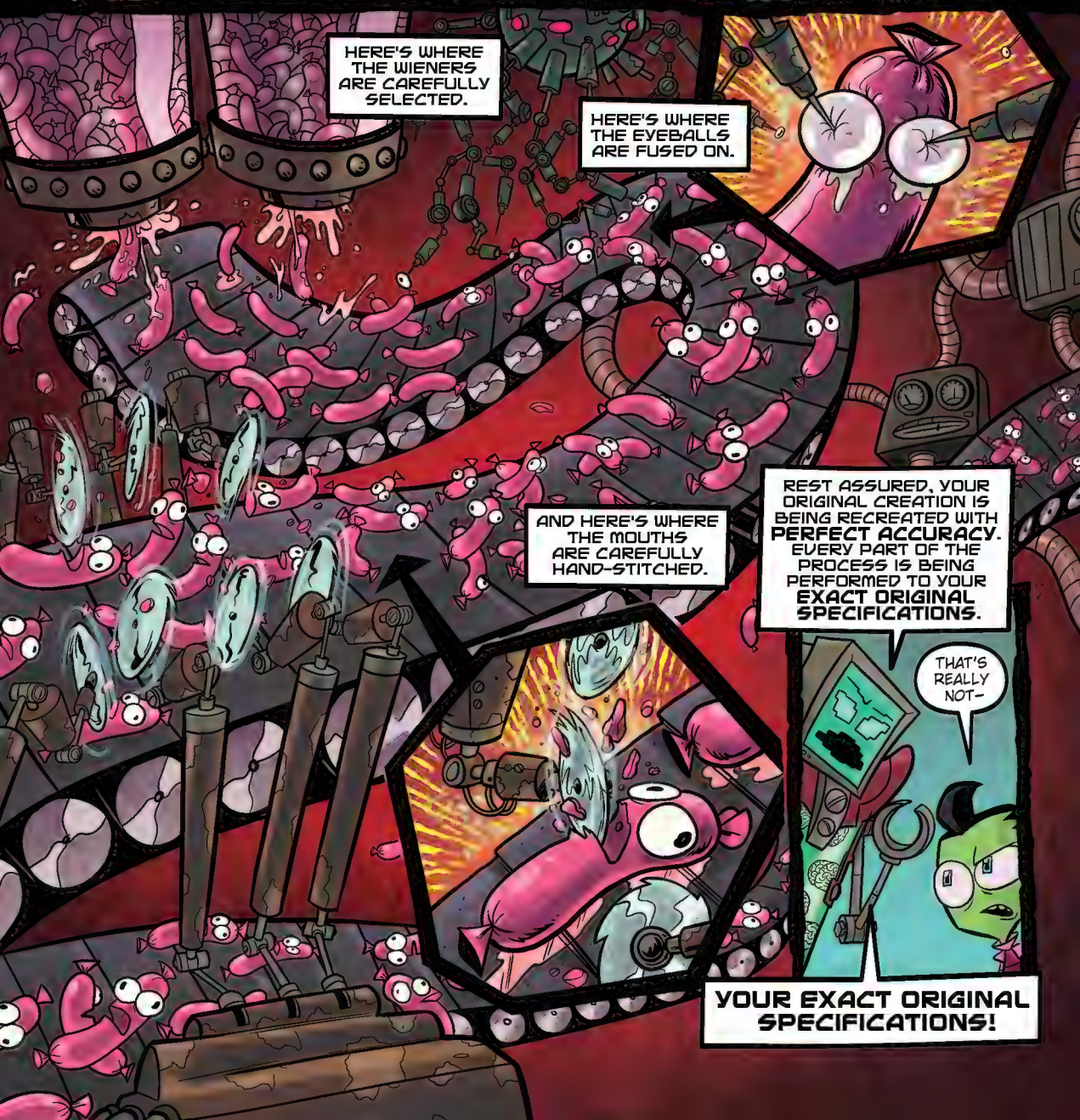




BEHOLD, THE  
UNPRECEDENTED  
PRODUCTION POWER  
OF THE CONGLAMO  
CORPORATION!



LET ME SHOW YOU  
HOW THE **MAGIC™**  
HAPPENS.



HERE'S WHERE  
THE WIENERS  
ARE CAREFULLY  
SELECTED.

HERE'S WHERE  
THE EYEBALLS  
ARE FUSED ON.

AND HERE'S WHERE  
THE MOUTHS  
ARE CAREFULLY  
HAND-STITCHED.

REST ASSURED, YOUR  
ORIGINAL CREATION IS  
BEING RECREATED WITH  
**PERFECT ACCURACY.**  
EVERY PART OF THE  
PROCESS IS BEING  
PERFORMED TO YOUR  
**EXACT ORIGINAL  
SPECIFICATIONS.**

THAT'S  
REALLY  
NOT-

**YOUR EXACT ORIGINAL  
SPECIFICATIONS!**





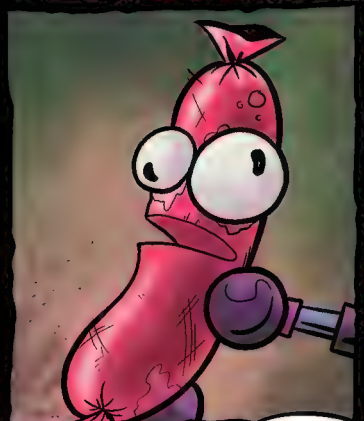
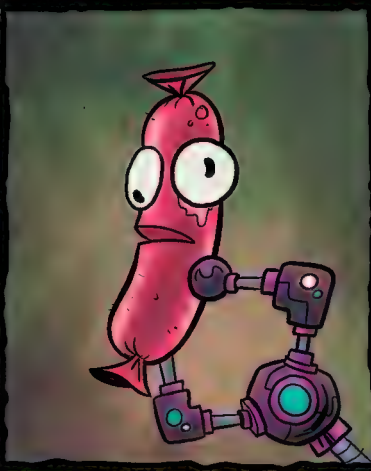




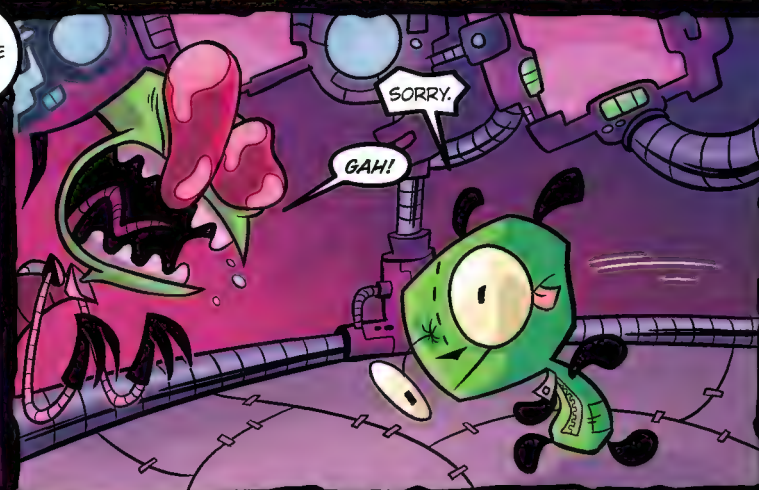
THIS IS  
FIIIIINE. I CAN  
SOLVE THIS.

MY  
BRILLIANT IRKEN  
MIND CAN SEE THE  
WORLD-DOMINATING  
POTENTIAL IN  
ANYTHING.

ALL RIGHT,  
WIENER... PREPARE TO  
BE DECONSTRUCTED  
BY MY GENIUS!



EUGH!  
GIR! THE  
DISLODGED EYE  
IS REVOLTING.  
FIX IT!



SORRY.

GAH!





WHY CAN'T I FIGURE IT OUT, GAZ?

LOOK AT THESE WIENERS. THEY'RE TAUNTING ME. JUDGING ME!



WHAT'S THE SECRET? WHAT'S THE SINISTER ULTERIOR PURPOSE? WHAT ARE THEY FOR?

MAYBE THEY'RE... JUST WIENERS.



**NO!**

DON'T YOU SEE? THEY'RE GOING TO MAKE MILLIONS OF THEM! MILLIONS OF ZIM'S TERRIBLE BRAINCHILD, DISTRIBUTED INTO EVERY HOME IN THE NATION.

THERE HAS TO BE SOMETHING TO IT! SOMETHING EVIL! THEY CAN'T...



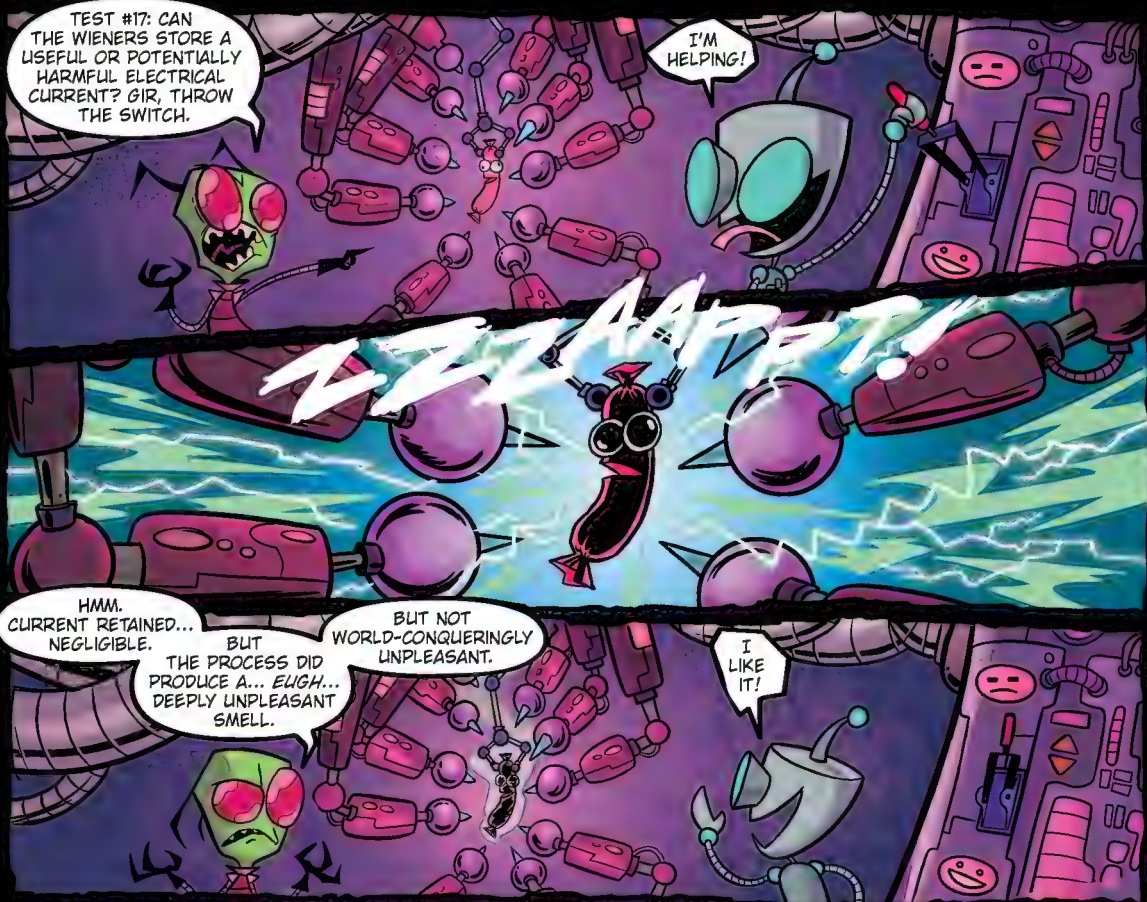
...JUST BE WIENERS!



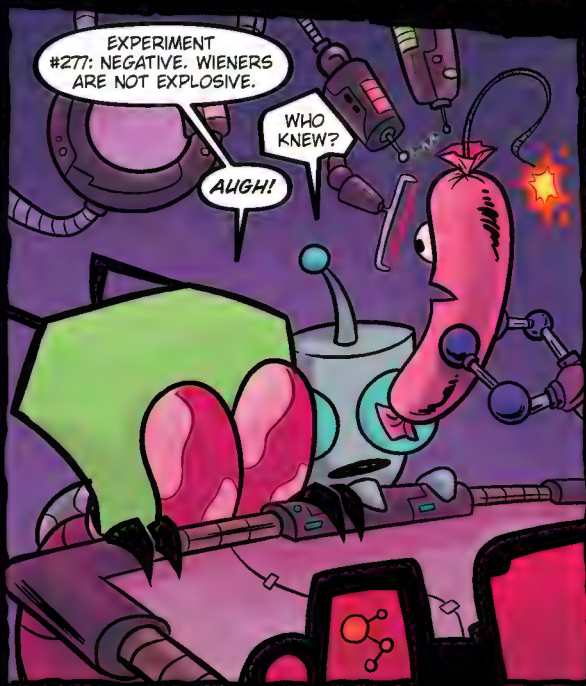
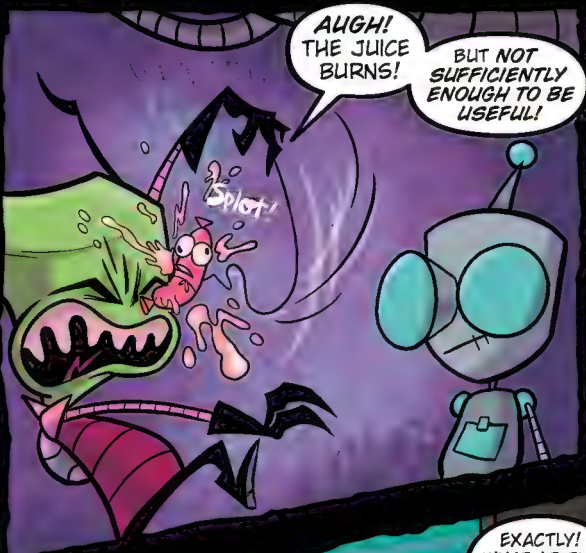
THE ANSWER IS OUT THERE SOMEWHERE. I HAVE TO FIND IT... AND I WON'T BE BACK UNTIL I DO!

YOU DON'T HAVE TO COME BACK EITHER WAY.

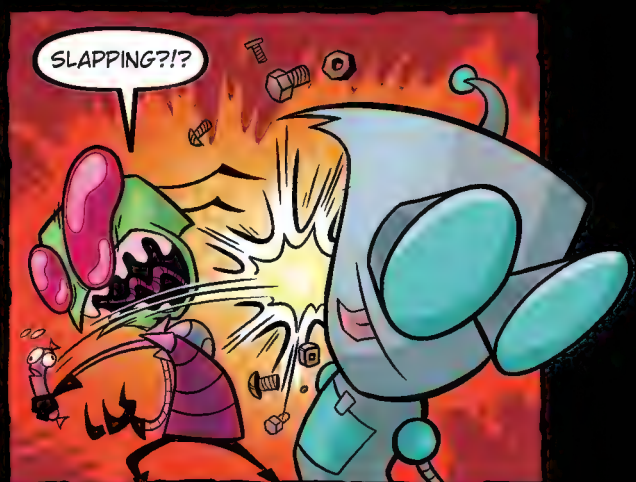




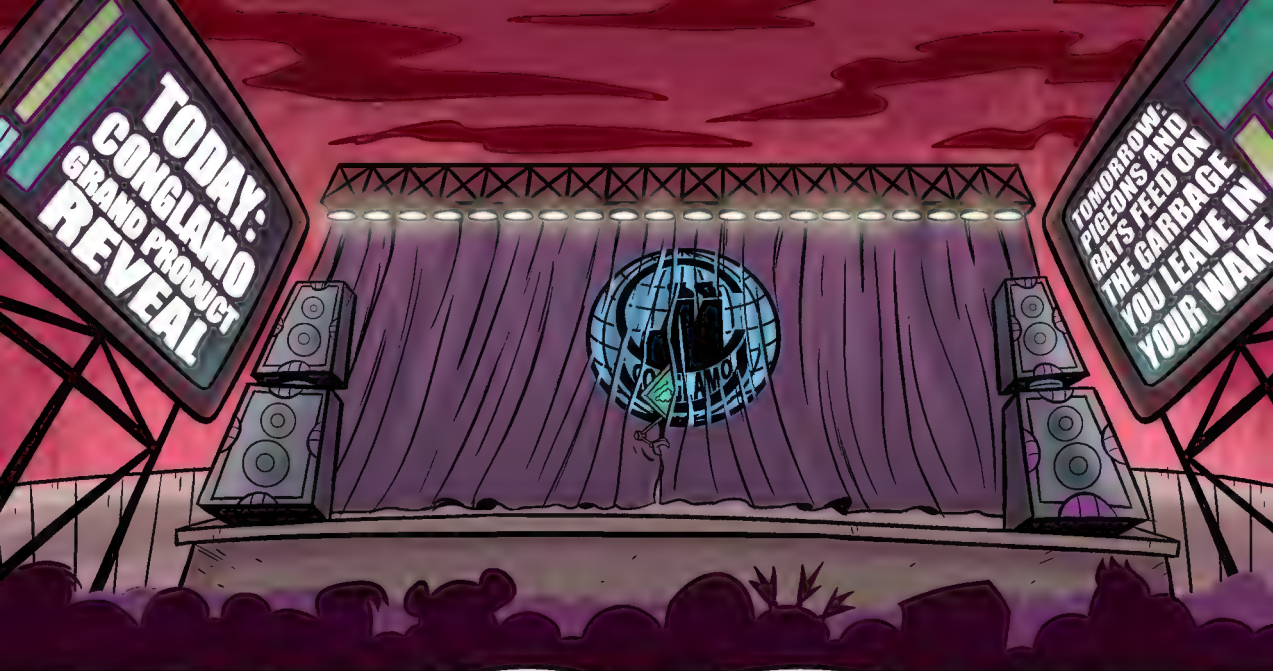












FIVE MINUTES  
UNTIL SHOWTIME!

\*SIGH\*...  
WHATEVER.

WHAT'S THE  
POINT? I'VE GOT  
NOTHING, GIR,  
NOTHING!

NOTHING CAN  
BE DONE WITH YOUR  
WIENERS. YOUR WIENERS  
ARE *USELESS*, ALL  
OF THEM! ARE YOU  
HAPPY?

I  
AM.

WELL, I  
GUESS THERE'S  
NOTHING ELSE LEFT  
TO DO BUT...  
EH?

RUMBLE





DIB?!?

AHA!



YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD BEAT ME, DIDN'T YOU? BUT I FIGURED IT OUT. I CRACKED IT.

I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT YOU'RE PLANNING HERE! THE WHOLE GENIUS SCAM!

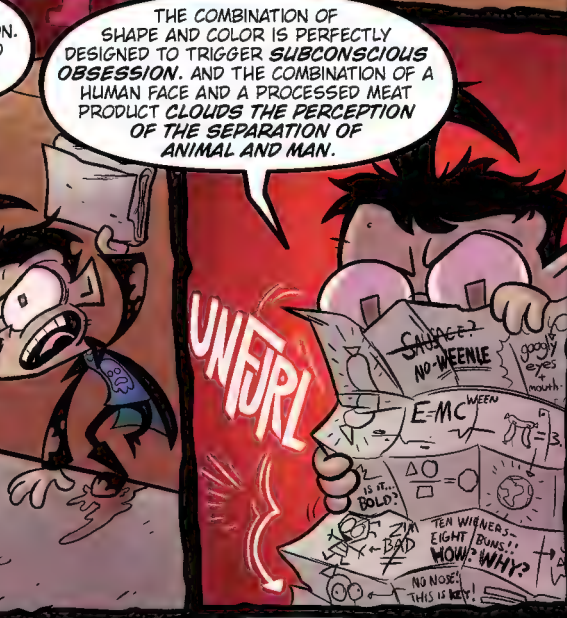


...YOU DO?

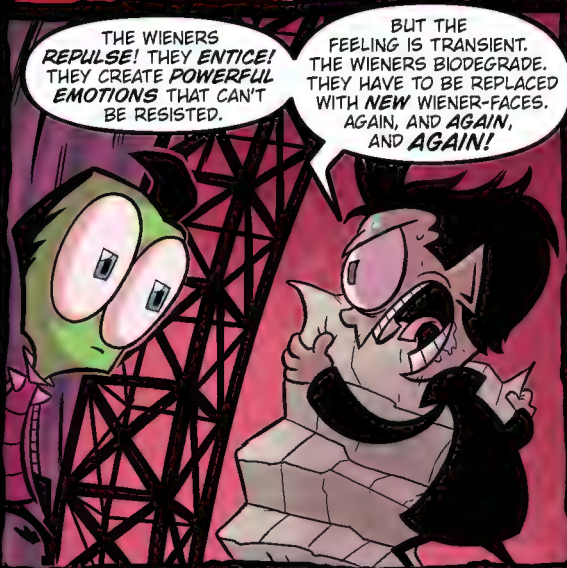
IT'S SIMPLE!

THE WIENERS DEFEY EXPLANATION. BUT THEY ALSO CAPTIVATE THE MIND!

THE COMBINATION OF SHAPE AND COLOR IS PERFECTLY DESIGNED TO TRIGGER **SUBCONSCIOUS OBSESSION**. AND THE COMBINATION OF A HUMAN FACE AND A PROCESSED MEAT PRODUCT **CLOUDS THE PERCEPTION OF THE SEPARATION OF ANIMAL AND MAN.**



UNFURL



THE WIENERS REPULSE! THEY ENTICE! THEY CREATE POWERFUL EMOTIONS THAT CAN'T BE RESISTED.

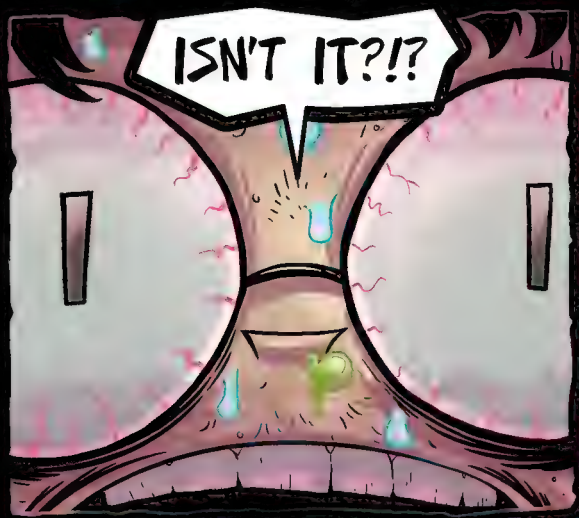
BUT THE FEELING IS TRANSIENT. THE WIENERS BIODEGRADE. THEY HAVE TO BE REPLACED WITH NEW WIENER-FACES. AGAIN, AND AGAIN, AND AGAIN!



THE ECONOMY COLLAPSES IN A TORRENT OF **WIENER-BASED SPENDING**. THE HUMAN MIND ERODES TO ITS MOST BASE INSTINCTS. AND WHEN HUMANITY HAS BEEN WEAKENED AND MADE VULNERABLE LIKE NEVER BEFORE BY THIS WIENER INFESTATION... **THAT'S WHEN YOU STRIKE!**

THAT'S IT, ISN'T IT?







AFTER A MERE 15 MINUTES ON SALE, MR. WIENER-FACE HAS BANKRUPTED THE CONGLAMO CORPORATION AND BEEN RECALLED NATIONWIDE, IN WHAT EXPERTS ARE CALLING THE MOST DISASTROUS PRODUCT LAUNCH IN COMMERCIAL HISTORY.

ROBOTIC CEO CONGLAMATRON HAD THIS TO SAY.

IN A COMPLETELY UNFORESEEABLE TURN OF EVENTS, MANY CONSUMERS MISTOOK OUR NEW WIENER-BASED MEAT PRODUCT AS SOME SORT OF FOOD AND TRIED TO EAT IT.

POSSIBLY BECAUSE OF THEIR INFERIOR, SINGULAR BRAINS. WHO CAN SAY?

IT'S A TRAGIC END TO ONE OF THE NATION'S MOST BELOVED OPPRESSIVE CORPORATE MONOPOLIES... ONE THAT DARED TO BELIEVE IN A WIENER.

AND WITH THE VAST MAJORITY OF UNITS NEVER MAKING IT TO STORE SHELVES, LET ALONE HOMES, WE HAVE TO WONDER...

WHERE IS MR. WIENER-FACE NOW?

WE HAVE SO MANY FRIENDS NOW, DON'T WE, MR. WIENER?

YES! SO MANY WIENERS!

WIENERS!  
HAHA! WIENERS!

WIIIIIIEEENNNNEEERS!!



# INVADER ZIM



## CHAPTER: 3

illustration by **WARREN WUCINICH** with **FRED C. STRESING**



Uhhhhhh **HEY EVERYONE!** I almost didn't see you there, uh, wherever you are!!  
Don't mind me, me being Recap Kid, I'm just **SITTING HERE**, hahahaha, playing with  
Mr. Wiener Face from the last issue! Remember? Remember how **ZIM** got stuck with  
**SO MANY WIENER FACES??!** Cough! The wiener is starting to smell a bit because  
I've been holding onto it for **FOUR WEEKS! YEAH!** Owwwwghhhh... **IT'S ONLY A**  
**LITTLE GROSS.** I'm gonna throw it away soon, OKAY? I just want Mr. Wiener Face to  
read this next issue, because I think he's gonna like it! Okay, so, remember waaaaaay  
back in the **FIRST** issue, when **ZIM** was talking to Prisoner 666? Well, **ZIM'S GONNA**  
**VISIT THAT PRISON!!!** And it's run by these aliens who only like right angles! Okay,  
I gotta go find out what a right angle actually is, so **YOU STAY HERE** with  
Mr. Wiener Face and **READ THIS ISSUE!!!** It's okay, the smell's not that bad!  
**I'M COUNTING ON YOU!**



Recap Kid illustrated by **KATE SHERRON**,  
colored by **FRED C. STRESING**,  
and lettered by **WARREN WUCINICH**





SPACE.

SPECIFICALLY  
MOO-PING 10.

SPACE PRISON.

CREATED BY  
THE GELLAXIS.

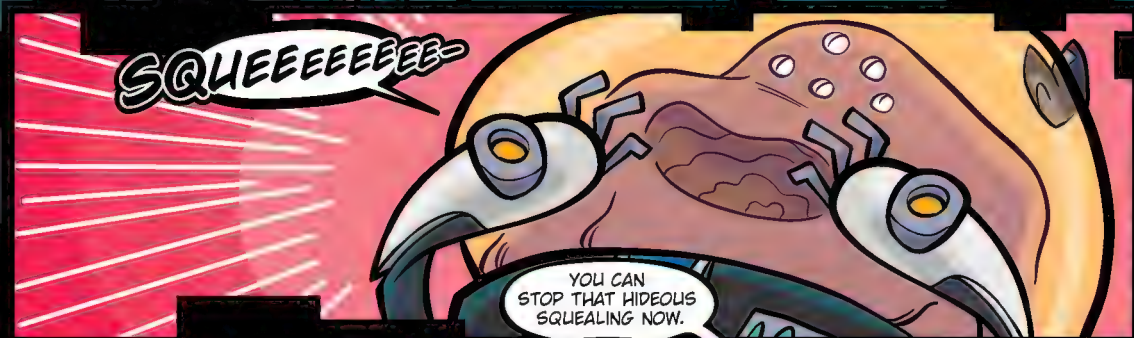
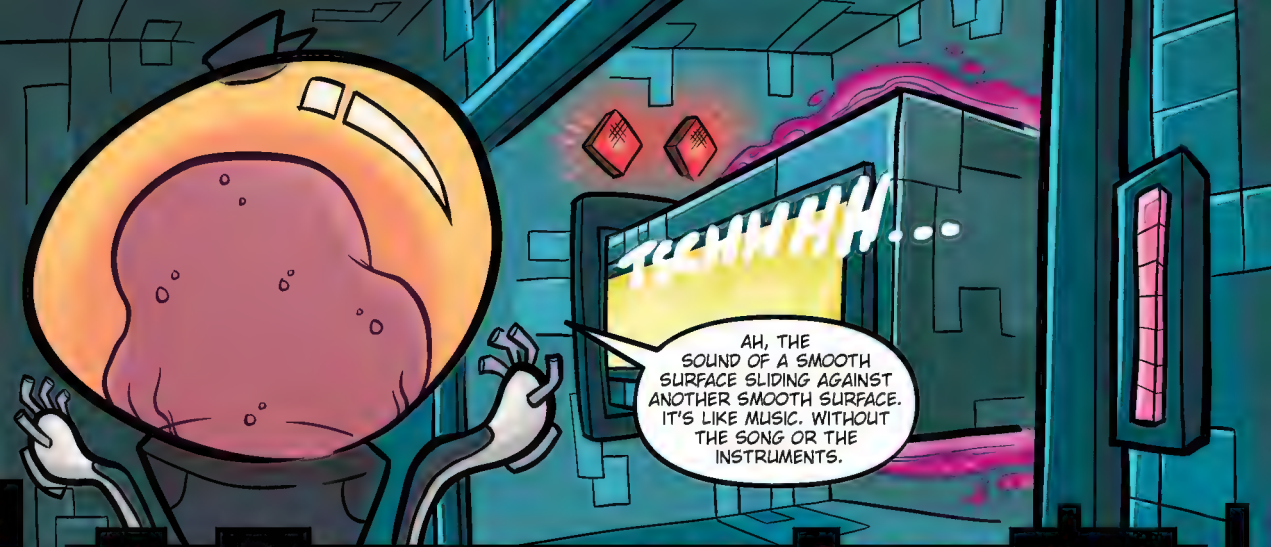
**TSCHHHHH...**

A GELATIN RACE WHO  
WORSHIP RIGHT ANGLES.

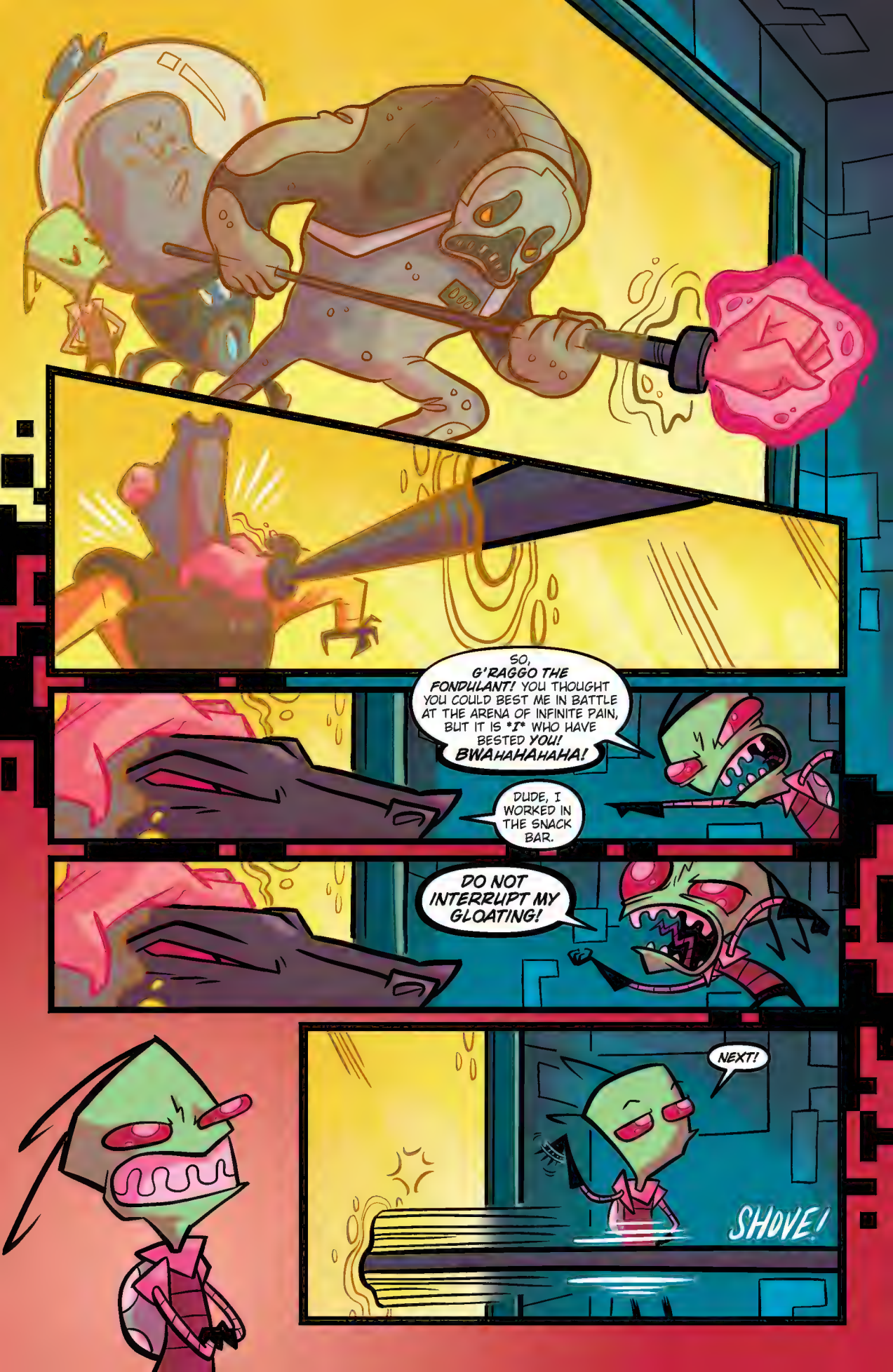
**TSCHHHH...**

AND ARE SUPER  
ANNOYING ABOUT IT.









SO,  
G'RAGGO THE  
FONDULANT! YOU THOUGHT  
YOU COULD BEST ME IN BATTLE  
AT THE ARENA OF INFINITE PAIN,  
BUT IT IS \*I\* WHO HAVE  
BESTED YOU!  
BWAHAHAHAHA!

DUDE, I  
WORKED IN  
THE SNACK  
BAR.

DO NOT  
INTERRUPT MY  
GLOATING!

NEXT!

SHOVE!



SIZZ-LORR!  
I DON'T KNOW  
HOW YOU ESCAPED  
THE FOODENING,  
BUT I GLOAT  
AT YOU!

MY  
NAME'S NOT  
SIZZ-LORR--

NEXT!

PRISONER 777!  
YOU HAVE SERVED  
ME MUCH OVER THE  
YEARS. FOOL!

HAND-DE-HOO-DOO!  
I GLOAT AT YOUR FEEBLE  
ATTEMPTS AT A FACE!

FISTI-FIS'T'U  
OF FISTICUS FOUR!

OCTILIUS  
PRIMILUS!

OFFICER  
O'HERLIEY!

MADNESS!

SO MANY  
ENEMIES HELD  
IN MY GRASP!  
WHY?

BECAUSE  
I AM ZIM!

AND I  
CAN AFFORD  
TO RENT PRISON  
SPACE.







YOU, I'M  
AFRAID. IT SEEMS  
YOUR PAYTHING EXPIRED  
MONTHS AGO.

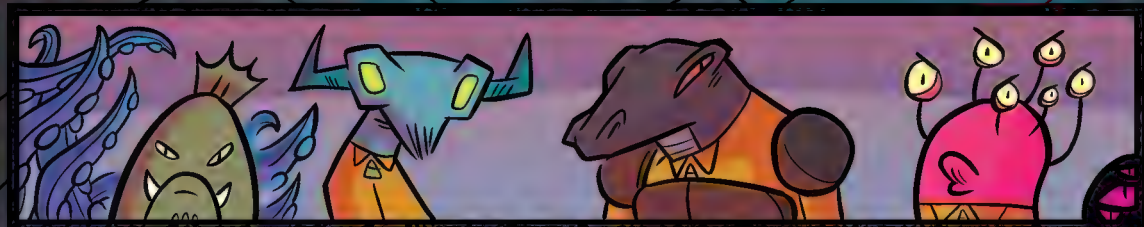
WHAT?  
THERE MUST BE  
SOME MISTAKE! I PUT GIR  
IN CHARGE OF PAYING  
EVERYTHING!

I'M  
PAYIN'!

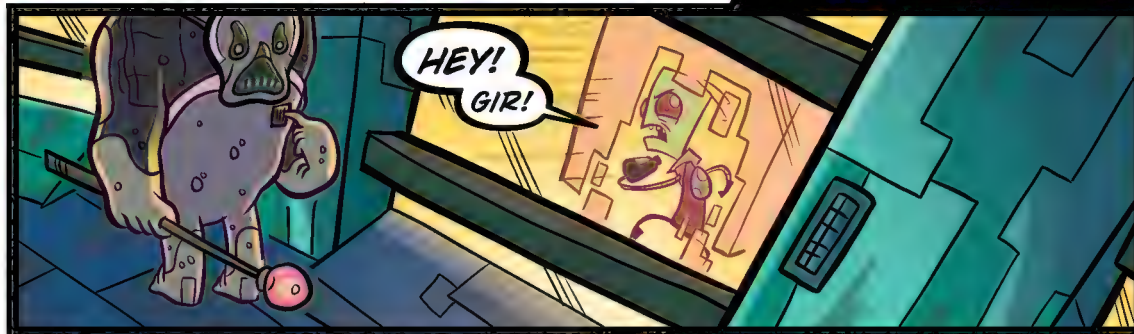
YOU CAN'T  
DO THIS TO ME!  
I'M A VALUED  
CUSTOMER!

SQUEEEEEEEB-

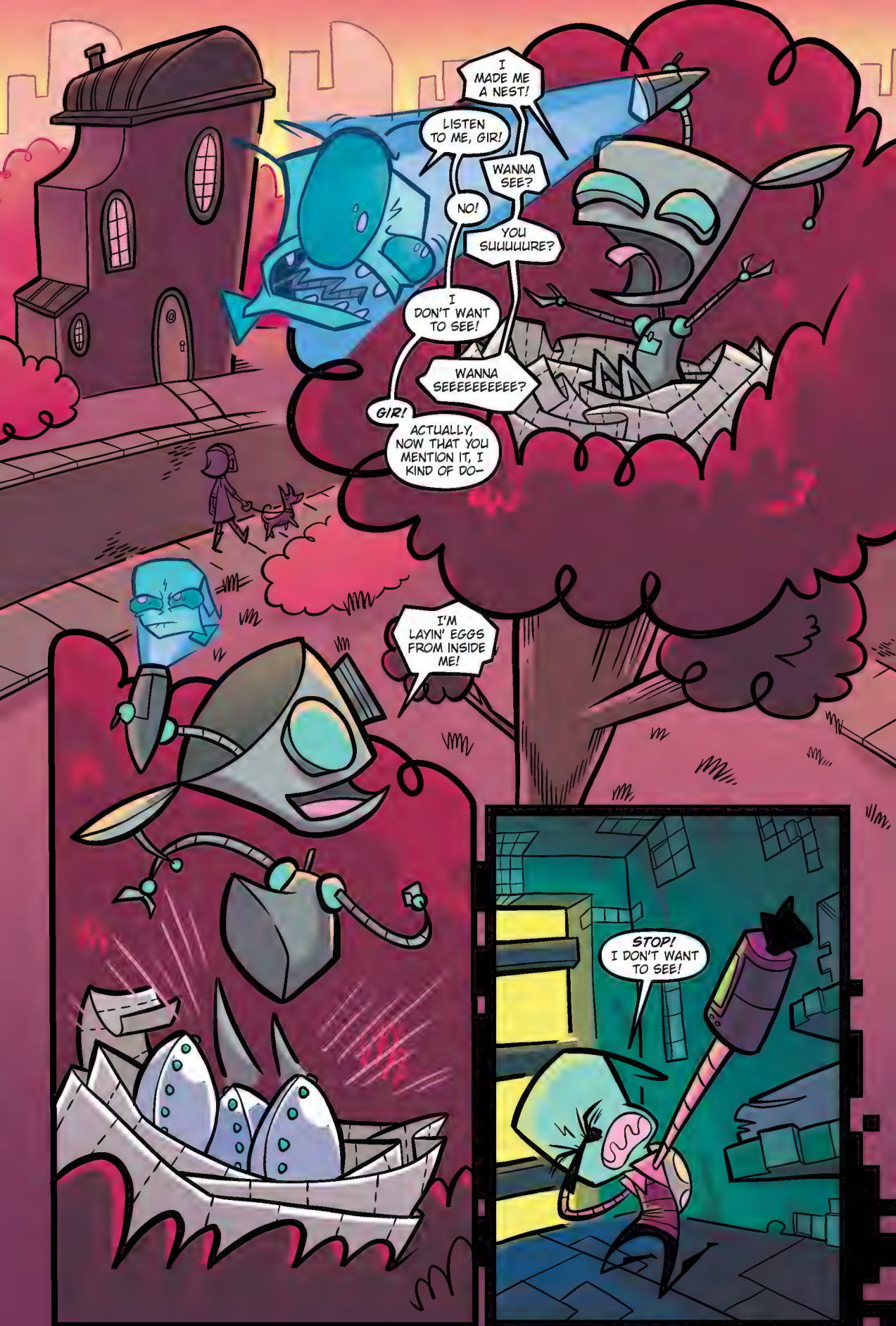












I MADE ME A NEST!

LISTEN TO ME, GIR!

WANNA SEE?

NO!

YOU SULLUHURE?

I DON'T WANT TO SEE!

WANNA SEEEEEEEEEEEE?

GIR!

ACTUALLY, NOW THAT YOU MENTION IT, I KIND OF DO--

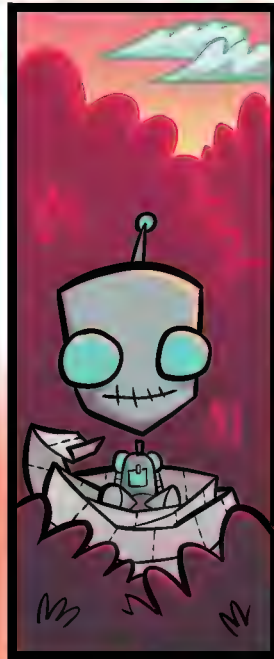
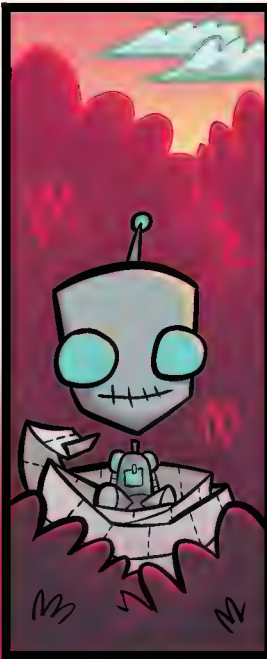
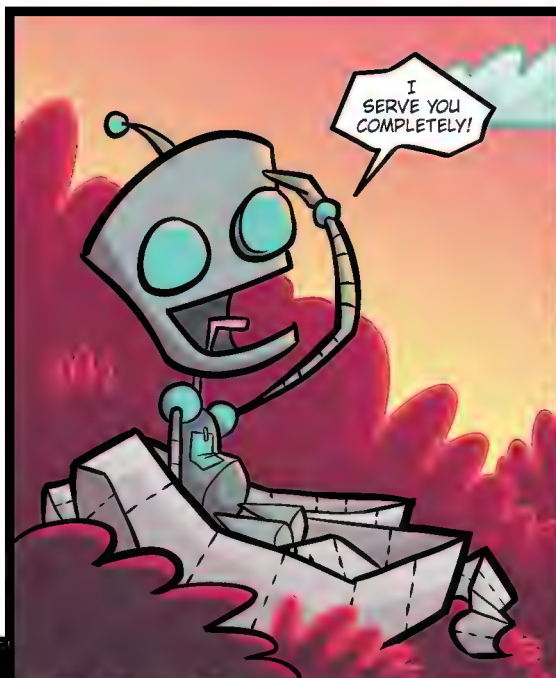
I'M LAYIN' EGGS FROM INSIDE ME!

STOP!  
I DON'T WANT TO SEE!











I WILL  
NOT BE HERE  
LONG. SOON THIS  
WILL BE CLEARED UP  
AND I WILL BE  
FREE!

MEAL  
TIME!

YOU KNOW  
YOU'RE SUPPOSED  
TO ONLY SCRATCH ONE  
OF THOSE MARKS A DAY.  
YOU WEREN'T SCRATCHING  
ONE EVERY TIME  
YOU GOT BORED,  
WERE YOU?

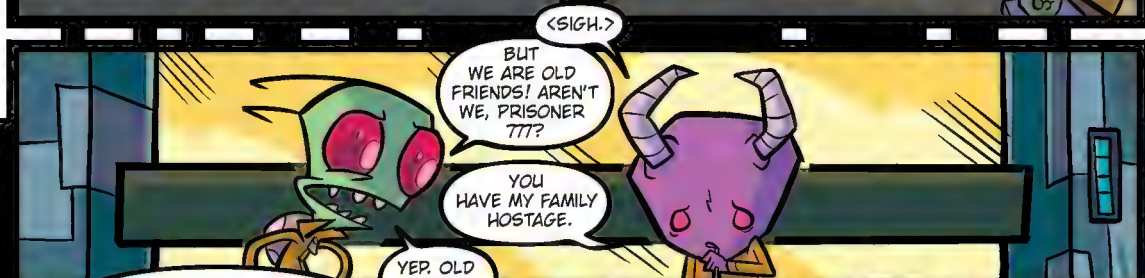
NONE OF  
YOUR SQUISHY  
BUSINESS!



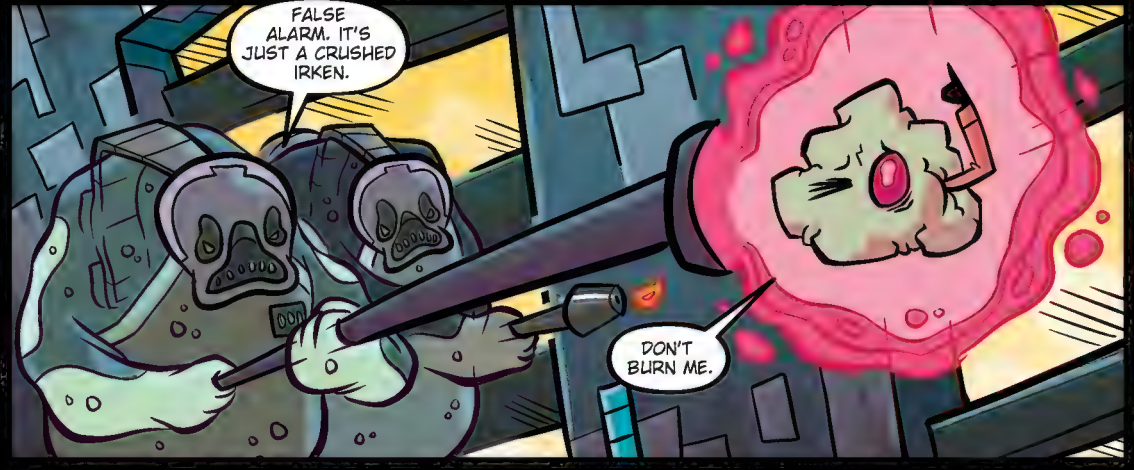
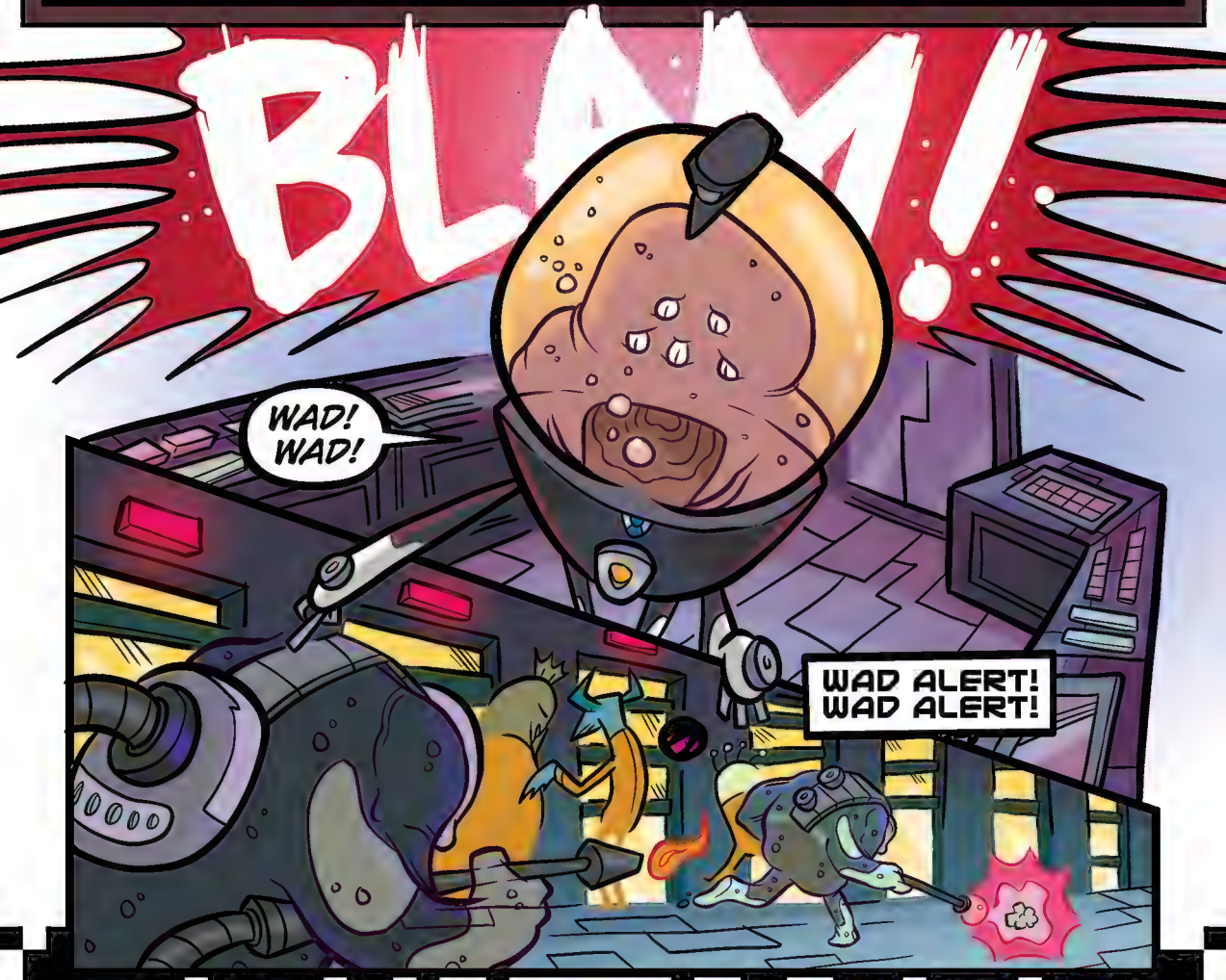














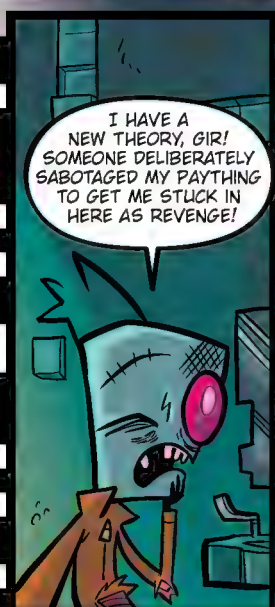


THIS IS  
RIDICULOUS!

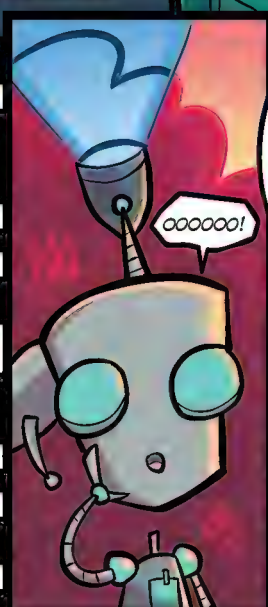
GIR!  
COME IN,  
GIR!



UH  
HUH!



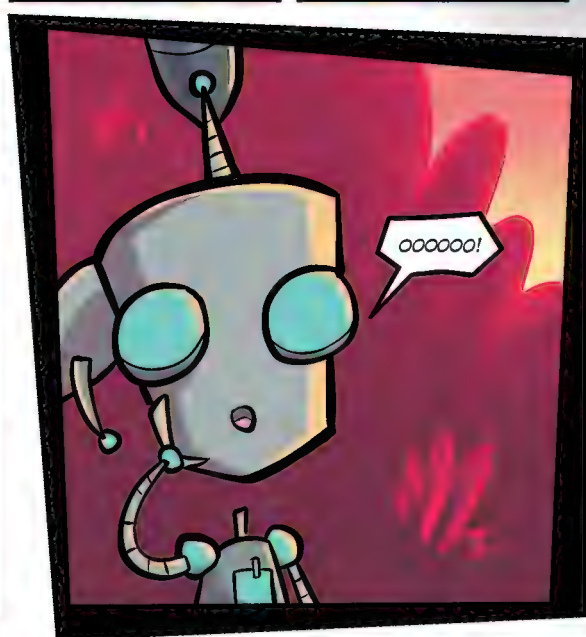
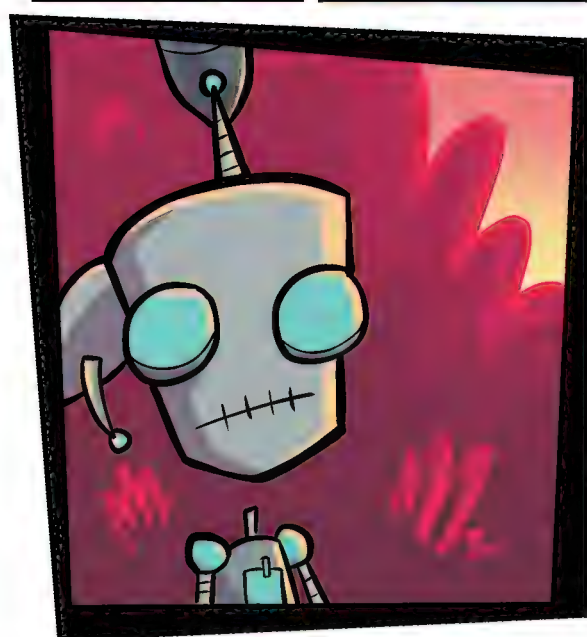
I HAVE A  
NEW THEORY, GIR!  
SOMEONE DELIBERATELY  
SABOTAGED MY PAYTHING  
TO GET ME STUCK IN  
HERE AS REVENGE!



OOOOOO!



SO  
AFTER YOU FIND MY  
PAYTHING, I NEED YOU TO  
GO THROUGH ALL OF THE  
ACCESS RECORDS FOR ANY  
SIGNS OF TAMPERING, THEN  
TRACE ANY BREACHES BACK TO  
THEIR SOURCE, AND CROSS  
REFERENCE THAT TO MY  
DATABASE OF ENEMIES, AND  
THAT'S ON TOP OF GETTING  
THIS BILL PAID SO I CAN  
GET OUT OF HERE.  
GOT THAT?



OOOOOO!



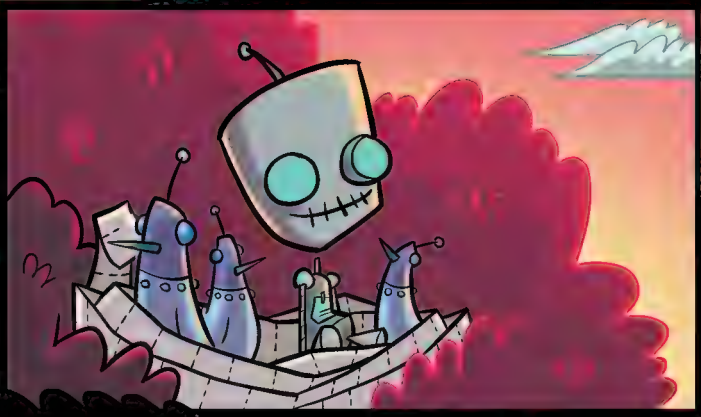


GOT THAT, GIR?



AS YOU  
COMMAND, MY  
FACE-LORD!

I KNEW I  
COULD COUNT  
ON YOU! ZIM  
OUT!



OH  
BABY ROBOTS!  
I FEED YOU FROM  
MY BODY.

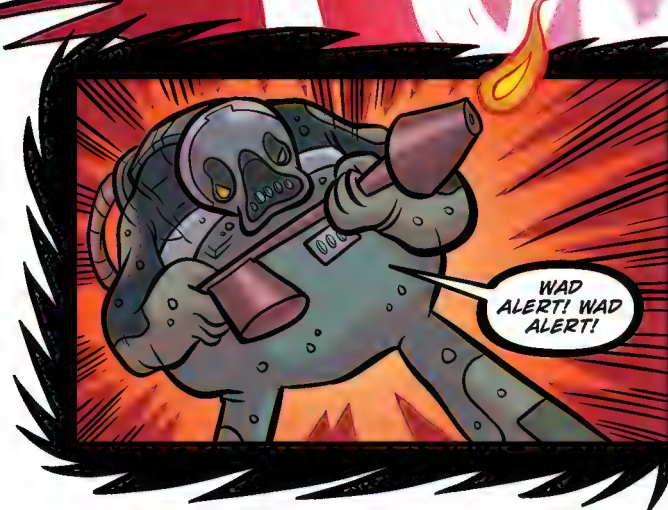


BWAAAAAGH.





**POUND!**







HOW DID YOU GET IN HERE?

DOES IT MATTER?

WHEW.

FWONG!



WAD ALERT!  
OH HEY, GUYS.

HEY, BIFF.



MRRRRFFF.





COME IN,  
GIR! I NEED YOU  
TO GET ME OUT  
OF HERE NOW!  
GIR?

MY BABIES!  
THEY LEFT ME!

GIR?  
HAVE YOU PAID  
THE PRISON OR  
HAVEN'T YOU?

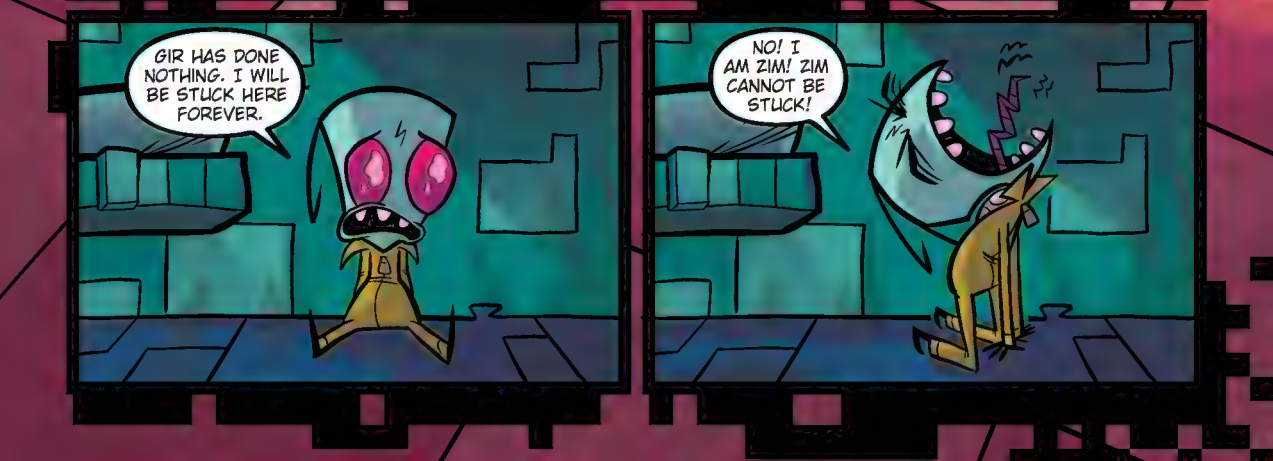
WHY YOU  
LEAVE ME, ROBOT  
BABIES?

WHYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY?!



GIR HAS DONE  
NOTHING. I WILL  
BE STUCK HERE  
FOREVER.

NO! I  
AM ZIM! ZIM  
CANNOT BE  
STUCK!









GIR WILL  
NEVER FIX THIS! I  
AM STUCK HERE FOREVER!  
AND I'M LOSING FEELING  
IN MY LEGS!

WHAT'S  
THIS?

ZIM,  
WE CAN  
ESCAPE  
FROM THIS  
PLACE, BUT ONLY  
IF WE WORK  
TOGETHER!  
-A FRIEND

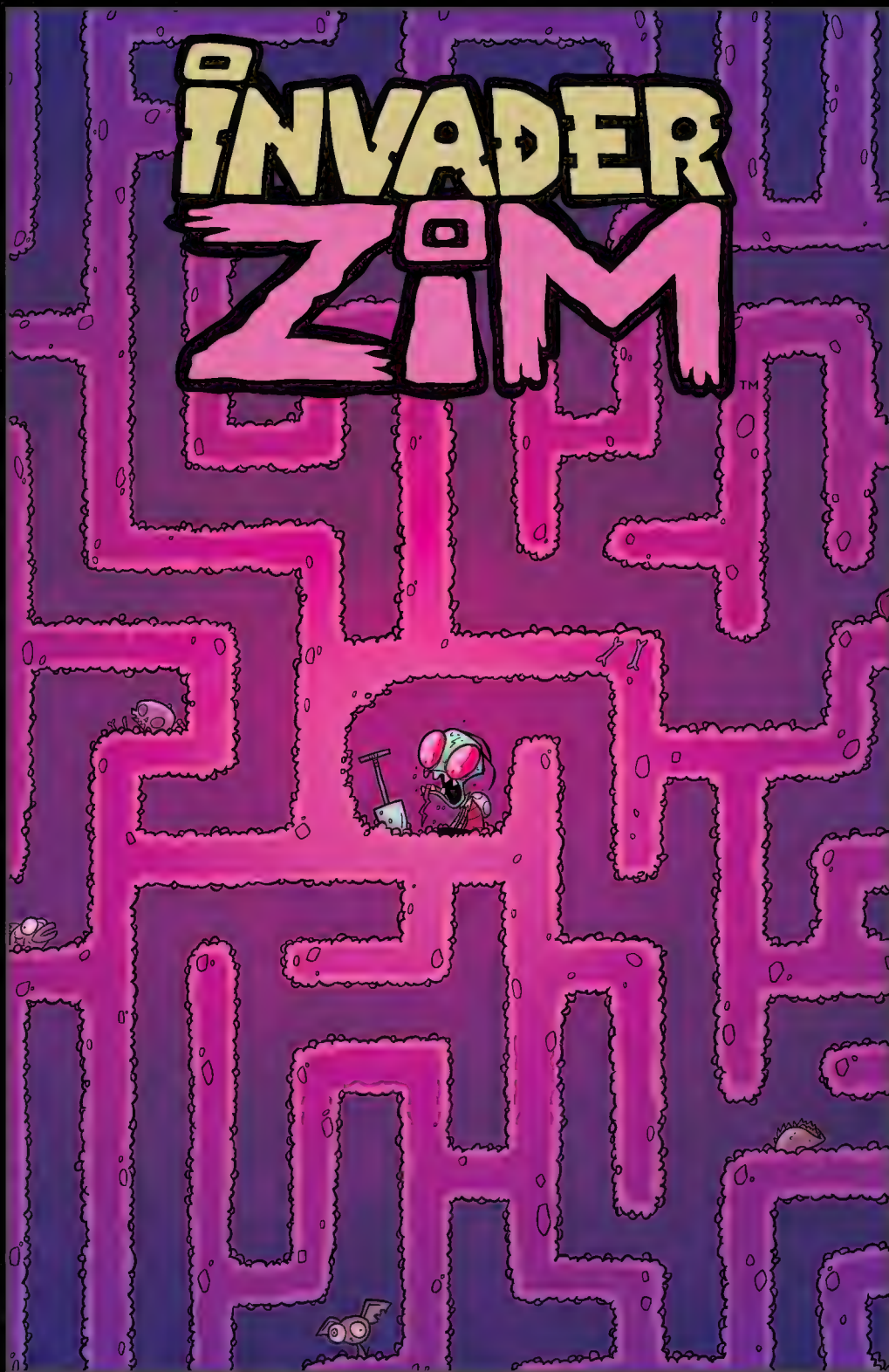
HA! HE  
SPELLED "**FIEND**"  
WRONG. NO WAY AM I  
WORKING WITH HIM.

ON  
THE OTHER  
HAND...

TO BE CONTINUED.



# INVADER ZIM



## CHAPTER: 4

illustration by **WARREN WUCINICH**



HEY! THERE you are! I've been waiting for you for about... what time is it? Does this watch work? OH THAT'S NOT A WATCH it's just some MAYONNAISE I put there earlier. I don't remember why, though, because I DON'T even like mayonndise!!! HANA! WHAT'S IT DOING THERE? OH WELL! GROSS THOUGH! WHATEVER! Now that you're here, I've got a lot to say about ZIM! Basically, that he's in PRISON!!! Not like the LAST time he was in Prison, though, back in issue #17, when ZIM and Dib told made-up stories. And not like the OTHER times he was in prison, either!! Check my wiki page, because I listed all the times he's been in prison or implied to be in prison or made a joke about sending Dib to prison. PRISON!!! Oh yeah, and in this issue ZIM tries to get out of prison, with the help! OF!..... NO I'M NOT GOING TO TELL YOU, you'll have to read and figure it oooooout!



Recap Kid illustrated by **KATE SHERRON**,  
colored by **FRED C. STRESING**,  
and lettered by **WARREN WUCINICH**






SPACE  
PRISON MOO-PING  
10.

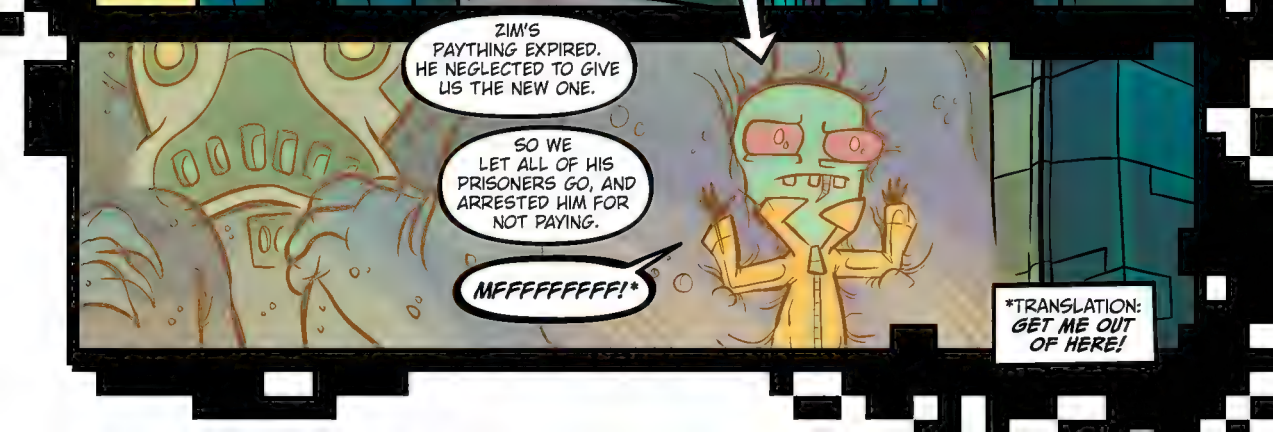
SO ELEGANT.  
SO SMOOTH. SO  
RIGHT-ANGLED.

SO FULL OF  
PRISONERS THAT  
PEOPLE PAY TO  
PUT HERE.



AND THEN  
THERE ARE THE  
PEOPLE WHO DON'T  
PAY. LIKE ZIM.

ZIM



ZIM'S  
PAYTHING EXPIRED.  
HE NEGLECTED TO GIVE  
US THE NEW ONE.

SO WE  
LET ALL OF HIS  
PRISONERS GO, AND  
ARRESTED HIM FOR  
NOT PAYING.

MEFFFFFFFFF!

\*TRANSLATION:  
GET ME OUT  
OF HERE!



SO I CAN  
TAKE TIME OFF FROM  
MY WARDEN DUTIES TO  
SIMPLY ENJOY THE SUBLIME  
BEAUTY OF THE RIGHT  
ANGLES. A SIGHT  
THAT...

WAD!!!

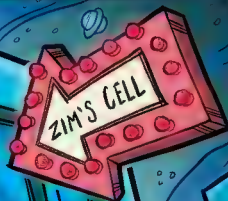
WAD??!

THEY'RE  
DISGUSTING AND  
AWFUL AND NOT  
SMOOTH!

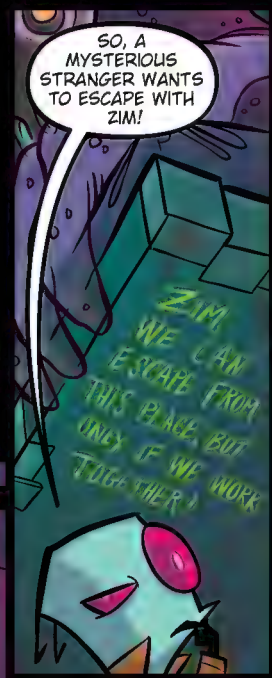
WAD  
TEAM TO THE  
WARDEN'S OFFICE!  
NOW!

NOW!!!

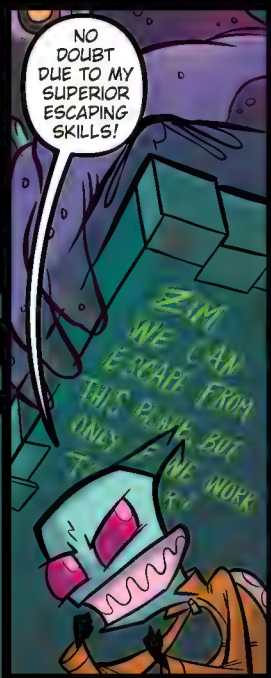
MEANWHILE,  
IN ZIM'S CELL...



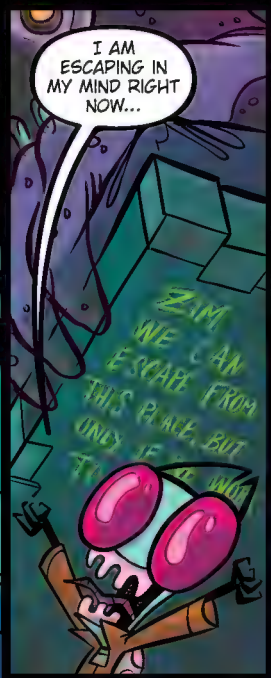




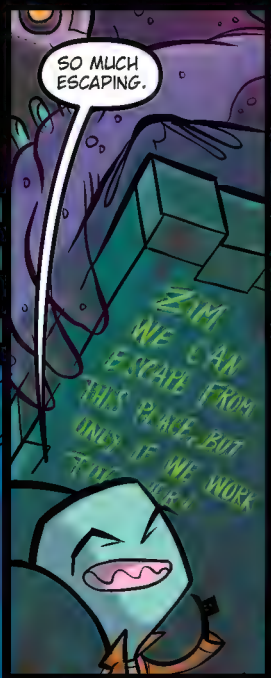
SO, A MYSTERIOUS STRANGER WANTS TO ESCAPE WITH ZIM!



NO DOUBT DUE TO MY SUPERIOR ESCAPING SKILLS!



I AM ESCAPING IN MY MIND RIGHT NOW...



SO MUCH ESCAPING.

ATTENTION: UTILITY BLOCKIE DOCK IN TEN TIMETHINGS. THIS BLOCKIE WILL TAKE ON POWER AND DISPOSE WASTE. TEN... NINE... EIGHT...



WHAT'S THIS? MORE WRITING I JUST HADN'T SEEN UNTIL NOW?



7733 S.MIZ

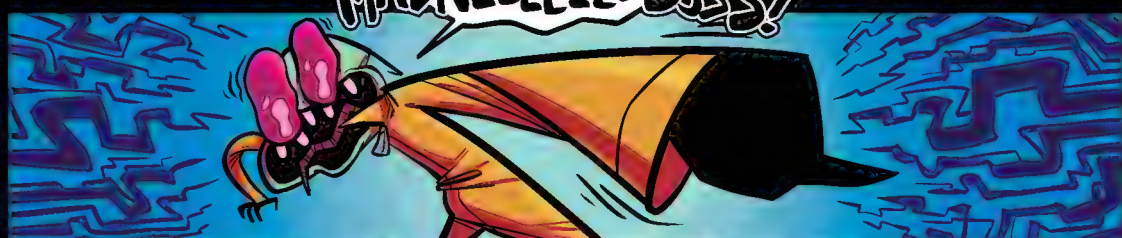
TRAJECTORY

HOLD MY WHAT?

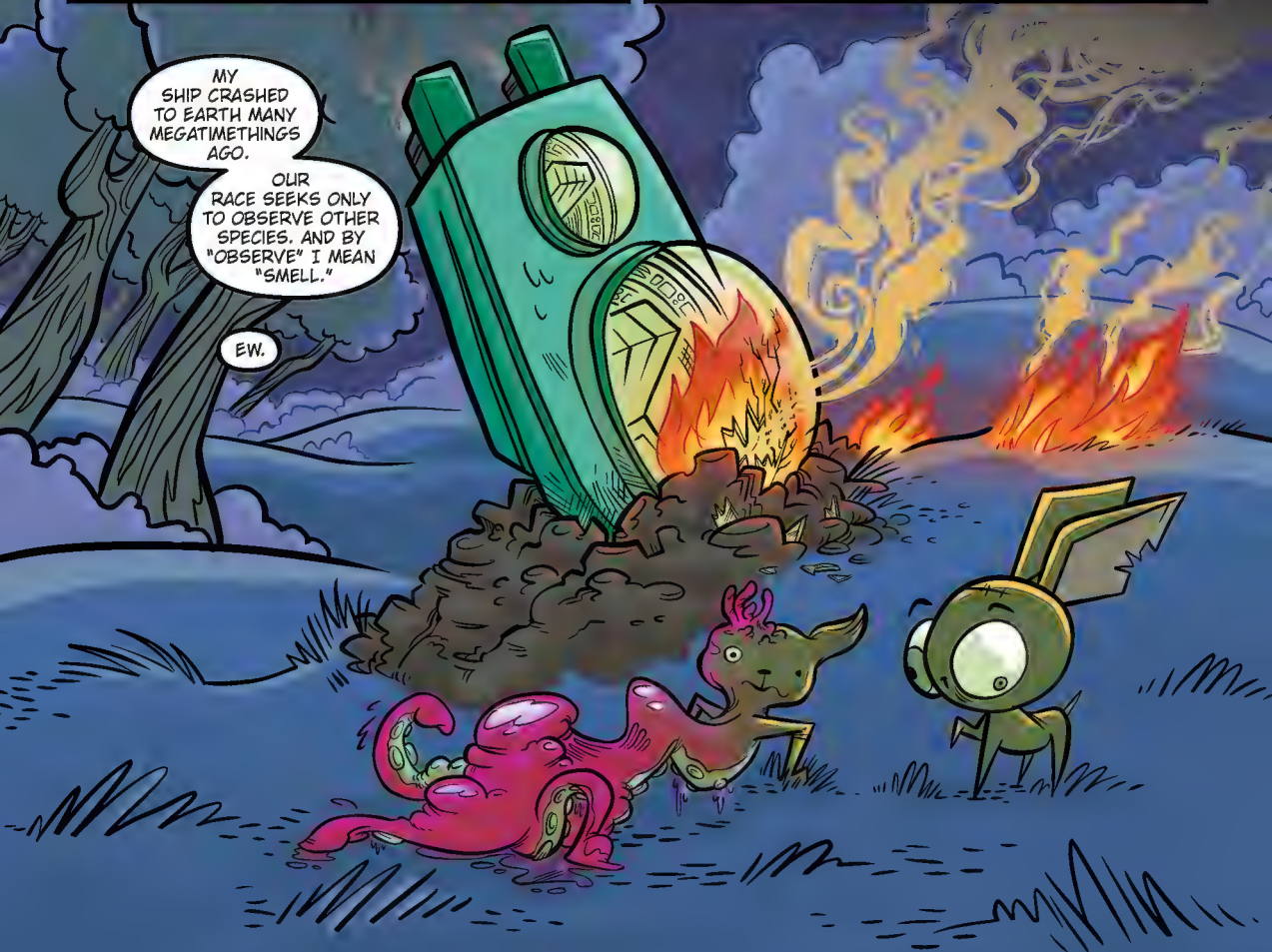
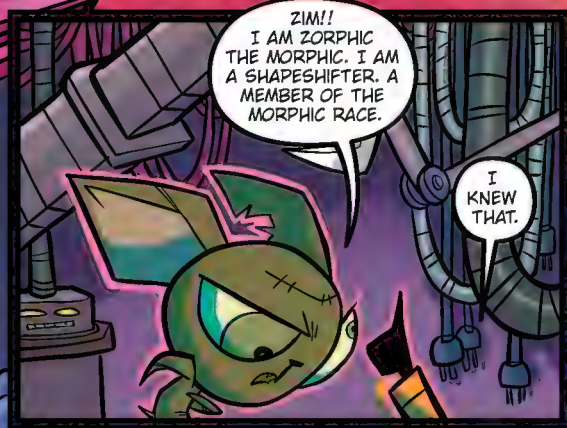




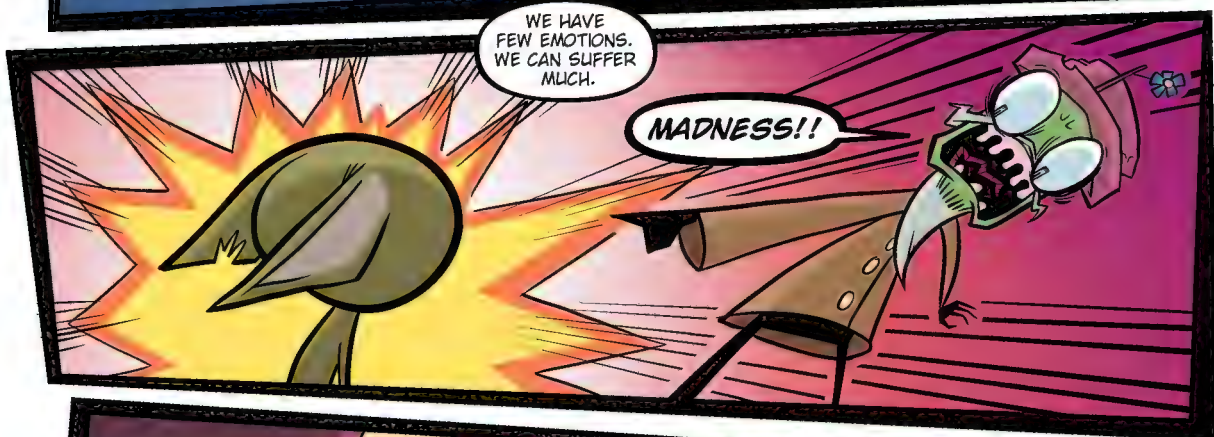
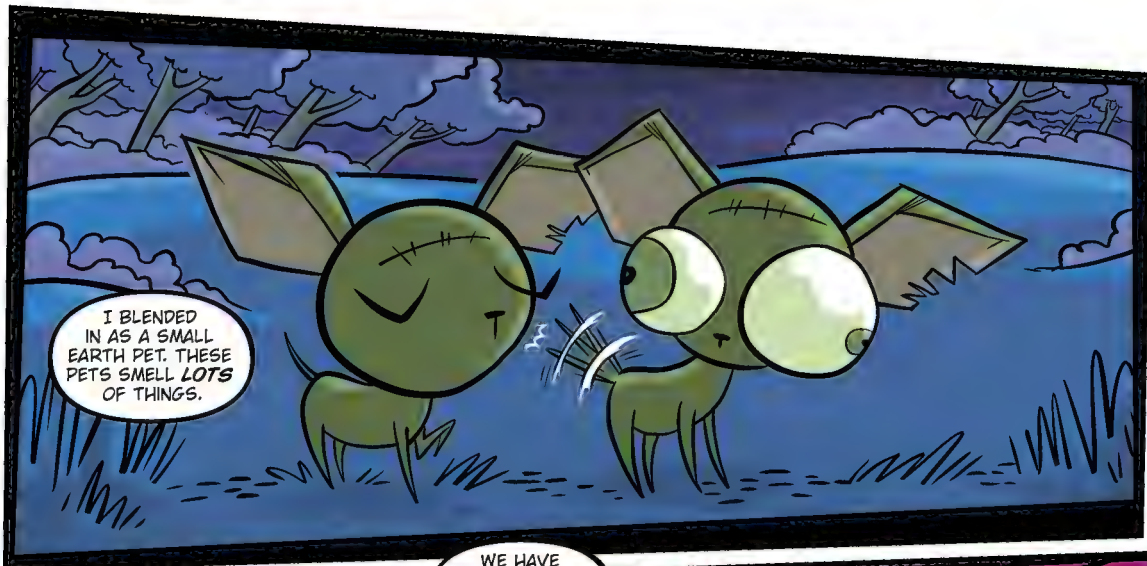




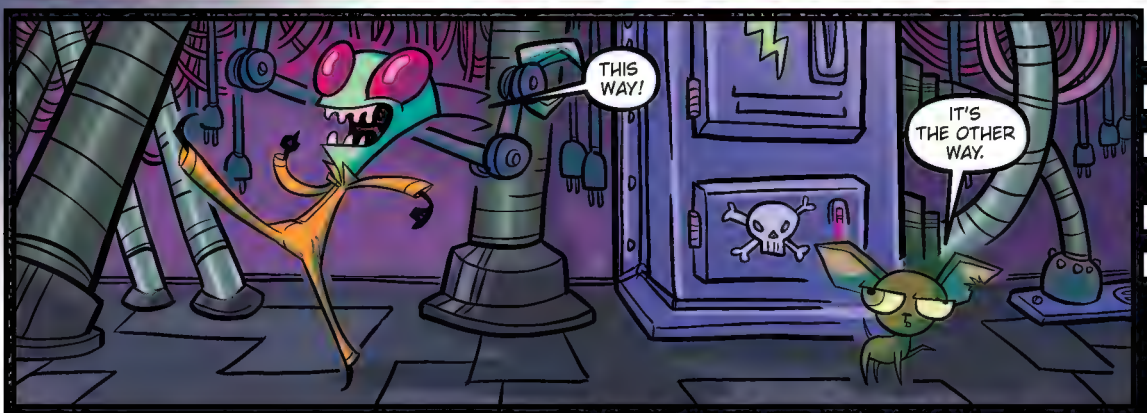
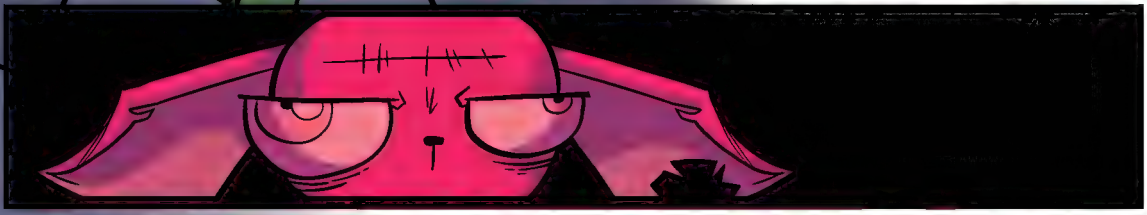
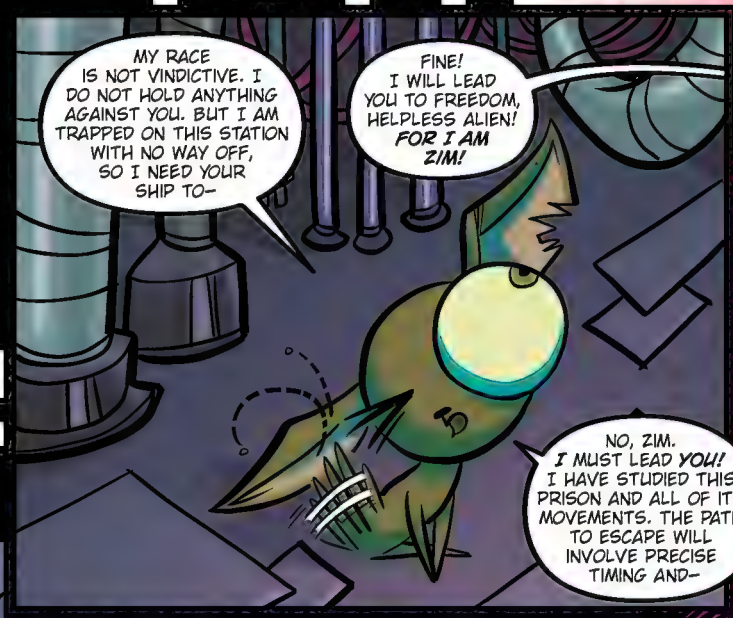














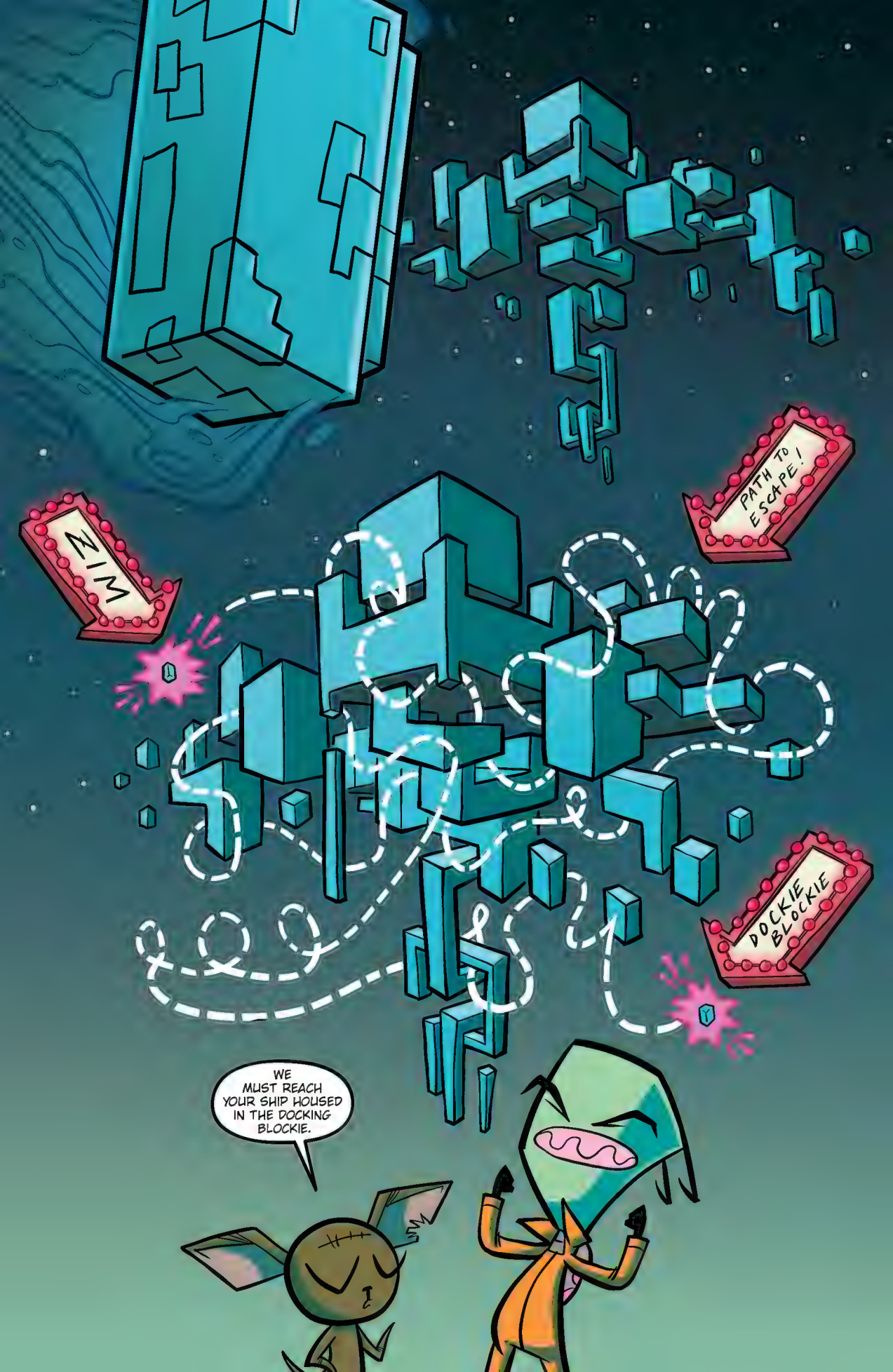
AND THAT'S  
WHEN PRISONER ZIM  
WAS SUCKED OUT  
OF HIS CELL.

OH  
DEAR.

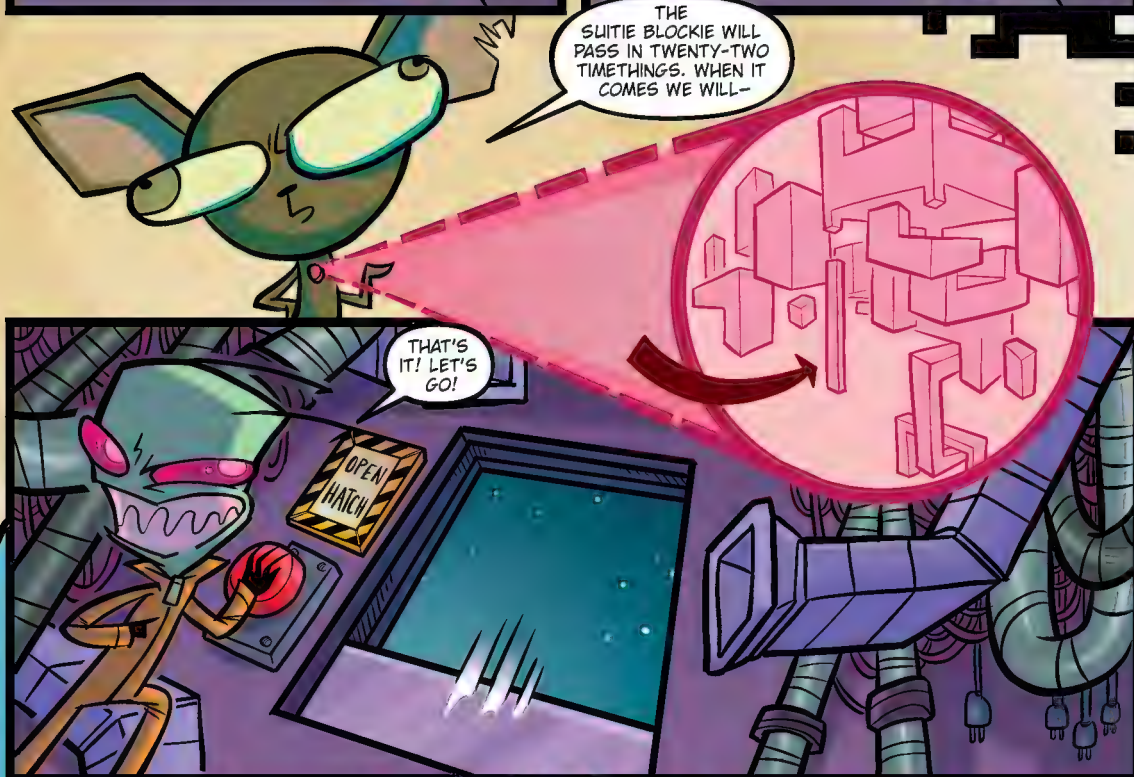
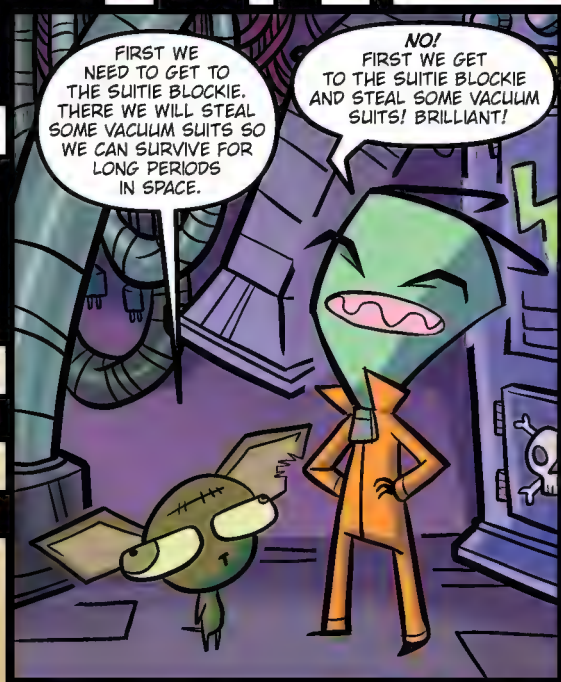
IT  
SEEMS HE FLOATED  
INTO A UTILITY BLOCKIE  
AND DISAPPEARED. WE  
ASSUME HE IS TRYING  
TO ESCAPE.



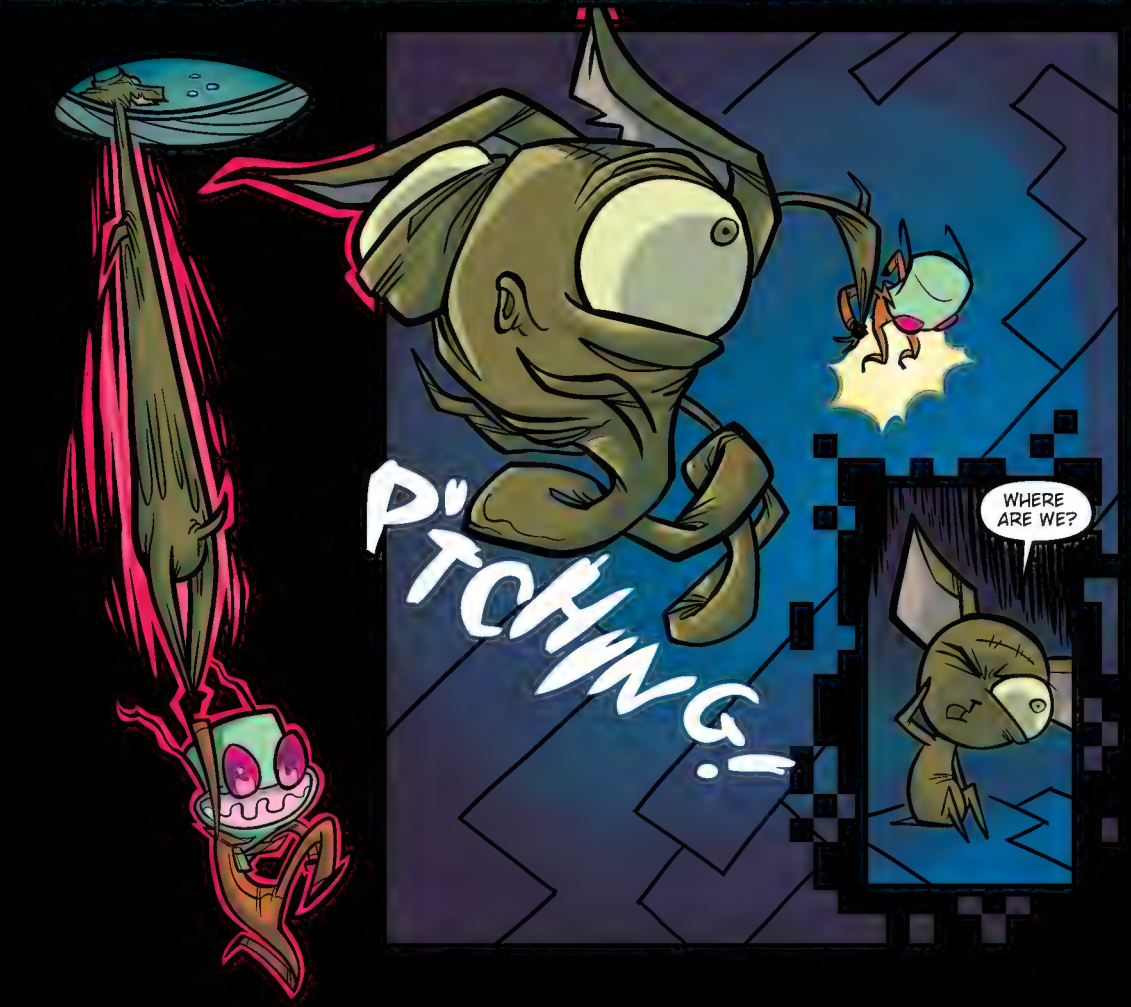




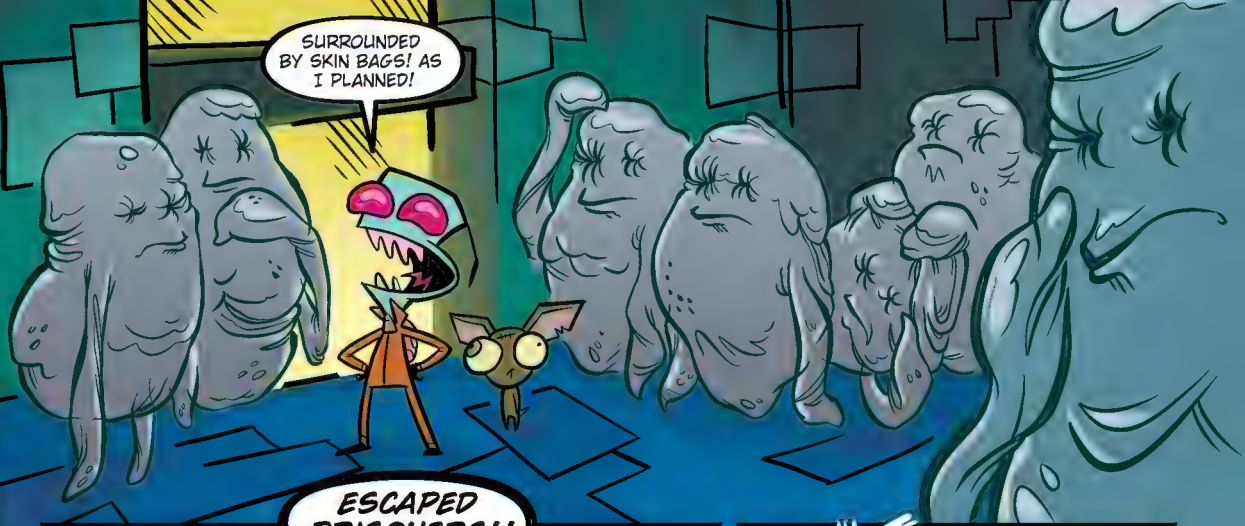




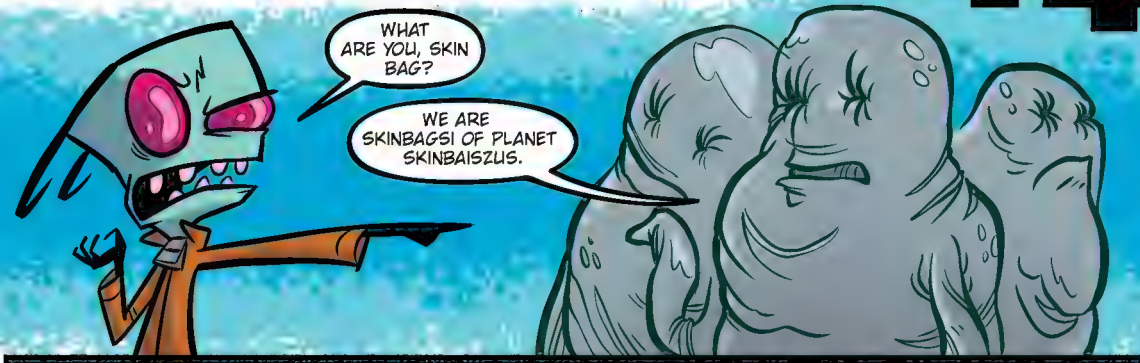
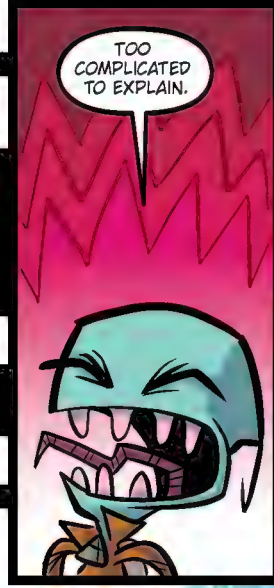
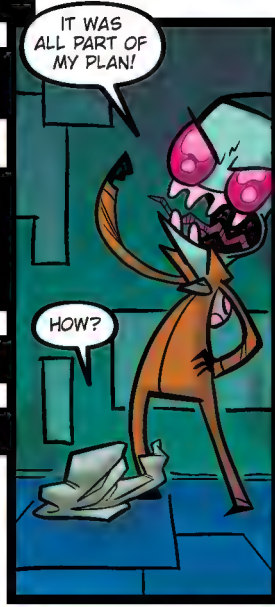












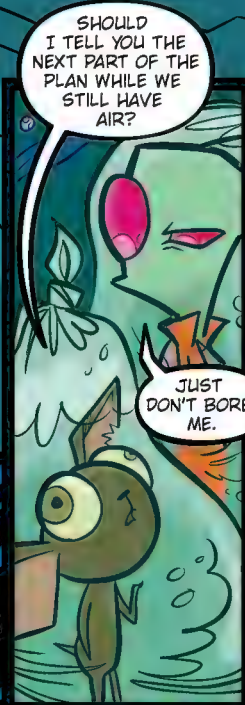




YEP!  
DISCARDED  
SKIN BAGS! I AM  
BRILLIANT!

IT IS  
FORTUNATE MY RACE  
IS NOT CAPABLE OF DISGUST.  
BUT THERE IS ONE THING WE  
CANNOT ABIDE AS A  
SPECIES. IT IS—

DON'T  
CARE.



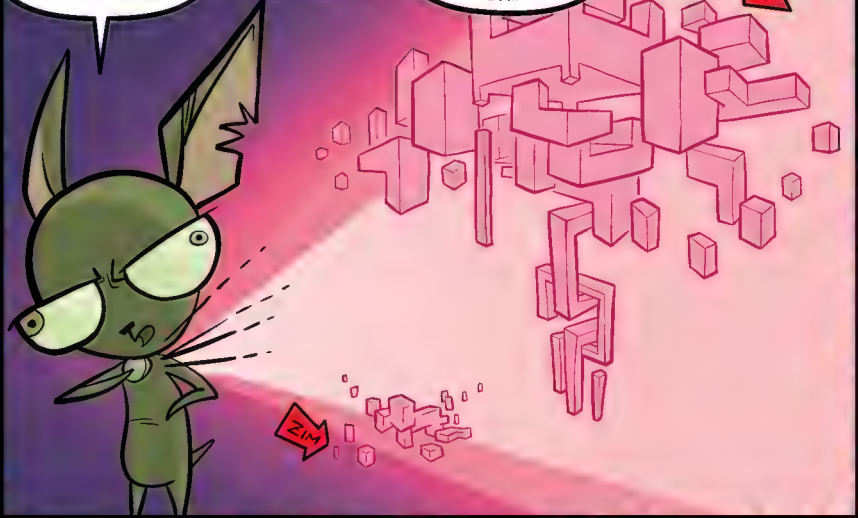
SHOULD  
I TELL YOU THE  
NEXT PART OF THE  
PLAN WHILE WE  
STILL HAVE  
AIR?

JUST  
DON'T BORE  
ME.

THE  
ORIGINAL PATH  
TOOK US ALONG THE  
STATION EXTERIOR TO  
THE PODIE BLOCKIE.

THERE WE  
WOULD REWIRE THE  
COMPLEX CIRCUITRY  
OF A DOCKING  
POD.

THEN RIDE  
IT THROUGH THE  
FORCE FIELD OF THE  
DOCKING BLOCKIE  
AS IF GUIDED IN A  
SHIP.



DOCKING  
BLOCKIE

ZIM



BUT  
IN THESE  
BAGS WE  
CAN'T—

NEW  
PLAN!



WHAT  
ARE YOU  
DOIIIIIIING?

BONK!





UNBELIEVABLE.  
ZIM CALCULATED  
CORRECTLY.

I WISH I  
COULD CURSE  
YOU, ZIM.

AH!  
JUST A LITTLE  
TO THE LEFT.





I AM  
ZIM!!

EXACTLY  
AS I HAD-

BOUNCE!  
BOUNCE!

BLAM!

ERRK!

GUESS  
WE HIT US  
A SPACE  
BUG!

VICTORY!  
NOW TO MY  
SHIP!



ALERT! ESCAPED  
NOT-PAYING PERSON!

ZIM, ZIM, ZIM.  
DID YOU REALLY THINK  
YOU COULD ESCAPE MOO-PING  
10 WITHOUT PAYING  
YOUR BILL?

YEEEEESSSSSS?

HOW,  
EXACTLY?

WITH MY  
PLAN.

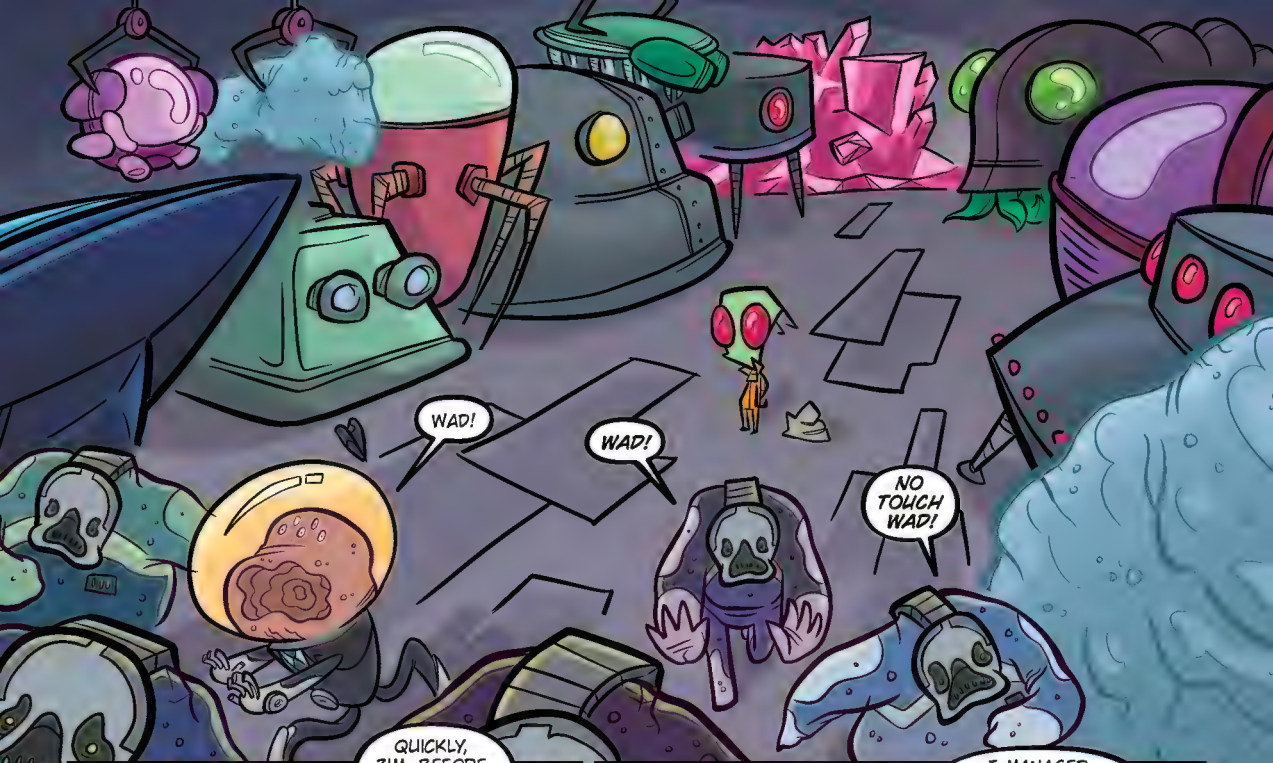
WHICH  
IS...?

NONE OF YOUR  
BUSINESS!

GUARDS,  
TAKE HIM TO AN  
EVEN SMALLER  
CELL!

OH NO!  
WAD!





WAD!

WAD!

NO TOUCH  
WAD!

QUICKLY,  
ZIM. BEFORE  
THE WAD TEAM  
ARRIVES.

ZORPHIC?  
HOW ARE YOU  
HERE?

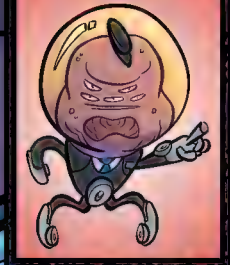
I MANAGED  
TO GRAB ONTO THE  
BACK OF THE INCOMING  
SHIP AS I FLEW  
PAST.

I AM SO  
BRILLIANT!  
TO MY  
SHIP!





NOT A  
WAD AFTER ALL?!  
GUARDS! CAPTURE  
THEM!

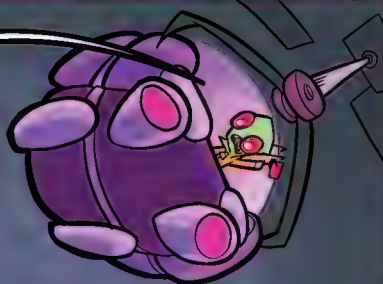


WAIT! IS THIS  
MY NEW PAYTHING??  
WAS IT HERE ALL ALONG?  
WELL, ISN'T THAT JUST  
HOW IT GOES!

HURRY,  
ZIM. WE NEED  
TO LEAVE.

HEY!  
I FOUND MY  
PAYTHING! I CAN  
PAY THE BILL  
NOW.

OH. OK.



JUST  
ENTER THE NEW  
EXPIRATION DATE, AND...  
OKEE-DOKEE-DOO!

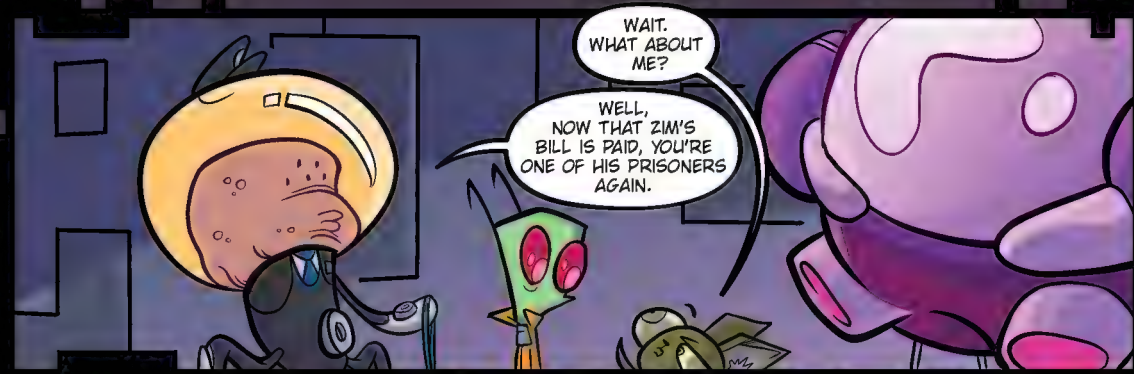
SO  
I'M FREE  
TO GO?

OF COURSE!  
AND YOU GET A FREE  
MOO-PING LANYARD  
FOR YOUR LOYALTY.

YEAH,  
EVERYONE HATES  
THOSE.







WAIT.  
WHAT ABOUT  
ME?

WELL,  
NOW THAT ZIM'S  
BILL IS PAID, YOU'RE  
ONE OF HIS PRISONERS  
AGAIN.



BUT ZIM,  
YOU CAN TELL THEM  
TO LET ME GO.



UM...  
YEAH... YOU  
KNOW, THAT SOUNDS  
LIKE A BIG PAIN IN THE  
SPEEDLYSPOOCH. LOTS  
OF PAPERWORK AND...  
I'M JUST GONNA  
GO.



TAKE  
THE PRISONER  
TO HIS CELL.

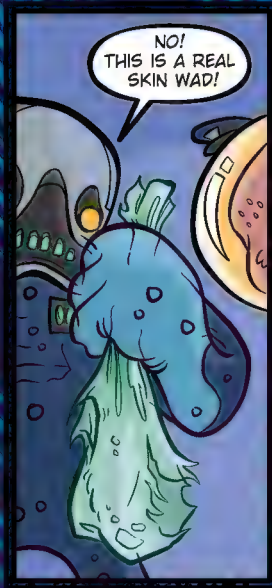
I  
SAID THERE IS  
ONLY ONE THING  
MY RACE CAN'T  
ABIDE, ZIM.

WHERE DID  
HE GO? DID HE  
SHAPESHIFT?  
IS HE ONE OF  
YOU?

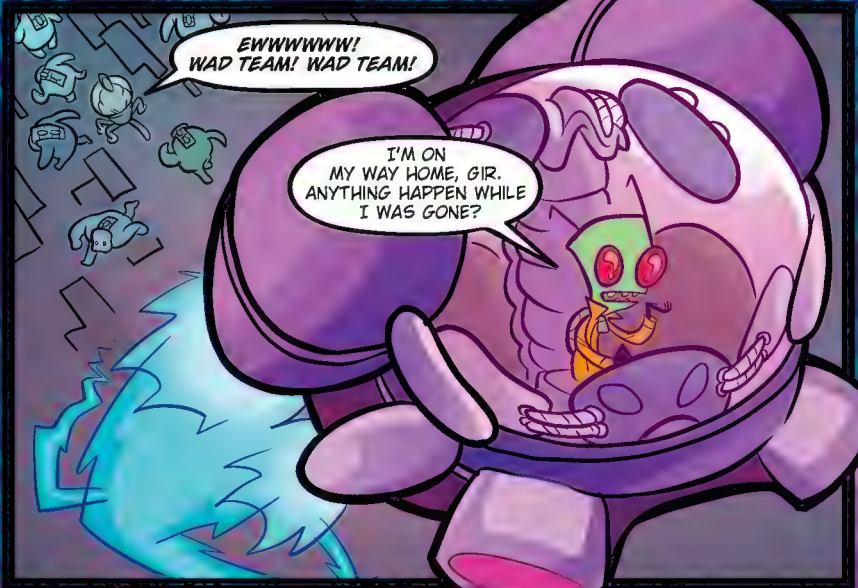
WAD!

HA HA.  
I'M NOT  
FALLING  
FOR THAT  
AGAIN.



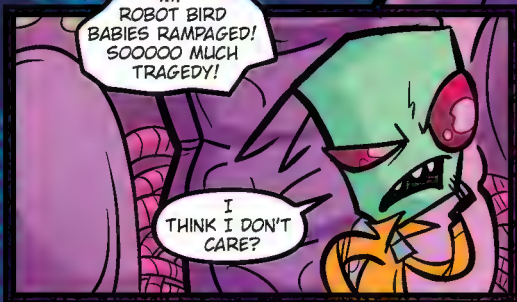


NO!  
THIS IS A REAL  
SKIN WAD!



EWEEEEEE!  
WAD TEAM! WAD TEAM!

I'M ON  
MY WAY HOME, GIR.  
ANYTHING HAPPEN WHILE  
I WAS GONE?



MY  
ROBOT BIRD  
BABIES RAMPAGED!  
SOOOOO MUCH  
TRAGEDY!

I  
THINK I DON'T  
CARE?

I SAID  
THERE IS ONE THING  
MY RACE CANNOT ABIDE, AND  
THAT IS BETRAYAL. SOMEDAY  
I WILL HAVE MY REVENGE,  
ZIM. SOMEDAY...  
SOME... DAY...

YEP,  
DEFINITELY  
DON'T CARE.



TO BE PROBABLY  
NOT CONTINUED!



# INVADER ZIM™



## CHAPTER: 5

illustration by **KC GREEN**



Hey, hi, HOWYADOIN' it's ME!! Recap Kid Recappin' the Greatest Bits! All the pertinent information YOU NEED TO KNOW! I also need to know it, SO I CAN RECAP IT TO YOU!!! Okay? THAT IS HOW IT WORKS!  
I don't make the rules, Nickelodeon just sends 'em to me!!! GOSH!  
Did you read the DarkPoop story??? If not that's okay, I got the recap ready to go! DARKPOOP: the new Poop Cold flavor! So popular Dib couldn't find any for his sister Gaz ANYWHERE! Then he met POOP WIZARDS! When they drink Poop Cold, they do MAGIC!! I wish I could do that, because I DRINK A LOT OF SODAAAAA!!!! In this issue, Dib's gotta investigate some MUTANT BIRDS! What's makin' 'em into mutants? I DON'T KNOW! EXCEPT I DO, I HAD TO READ THE ISSUE FOR THE RECAP!!!!  
I'M RECAP KID, OKAAAAAY?





# A HARD DIB'S NIGHT

-AND SO, MOTHER SAID SHE WOULDN'T TALK TO ME ANYMORE UNTIL THE BRAIN MOLD WAS CLEARED FROM THE TOILET TANK. FURTHER STIFLING MY RESEARCH.

END REPORT.

OKAY THEN, THAT'S ALL THE OLD NEWS FOR THIS MEETING OF THE SWOLLEN EYEBALL.

THE MEMBRANE HOUSEHOLD

GASP!

IT'S ROUND...

IMPRESSIVE, AGENT MOTHMAN!

IT APPEARS TO BE A NORMAL GRACKLE TURNED...

VERY ROUND.

...WELL, ROUND.

BUT WHAT HAS CAUSED THIS HORRIFIC ROUNDNESS?!

AND AN EXTRA LEG?

WELL, THERE ARE COUNTLESS, ENDLESS, POSSIBILITIES WITH REGARDS TO THIS SPECIMEN.

BUT MY GUT TELLS ME IT'S GOT TO DEFINITELY BE, 100% SURE OF IT, NO DOUBT IN MY MIND...

IN-VADER ZI-

NOW LET'S OPEN THE FLOOR TO ANY NEW NEWS.

OOH OOH!! ME! I GOT SOMETHING BIG!!

<HEAVY SIGH> AGENT MOTHMAN, YOU HAVE THE FLOOR

GROAN...

WHY

I HAVE DISCOVERED A WONDERFUL MUTATION WITHIN THE WILDS OF... THE CITY PARK.

BEHOLD!!





NAH,  
THAT'S NOT  
ONE OF  
MINE.

NO,  
**DIB.**

AND TO BE  
FRANK, I ACTUALLY  
HAVE BIG BIRD  
PLANS NEXT  
WEEK.

BUT NOT  
IN THE  
VEIN OF...  
WHATEVER THIS  
HORRIBLE...  
**ROUND**  
THING IS.



WHAT?

I-IT'S  
NOT?



NO EDGES  
AT ALL, I  
HATE IT.



NO. I'VE  
NEVER MET  
THIS PERSON  
BEFORE.  
GOOD DAY!

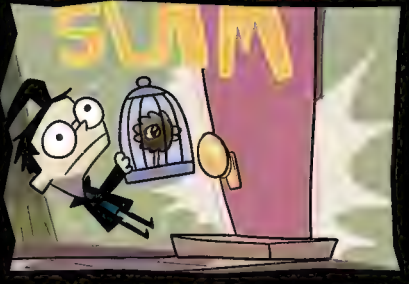
WAIT JUST  
ONE MINUTE,  
**ZIM!!!**



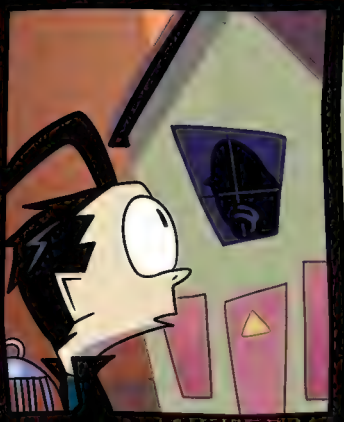
.....IS YOUR  
NEXT WEEK  
PLAN BIG OR  
IS IT THE BIRD  
THAT'S BIG?



YOU  
KNOW  
TOO  
MUCH.



SCRITCH  
SCRITCH

















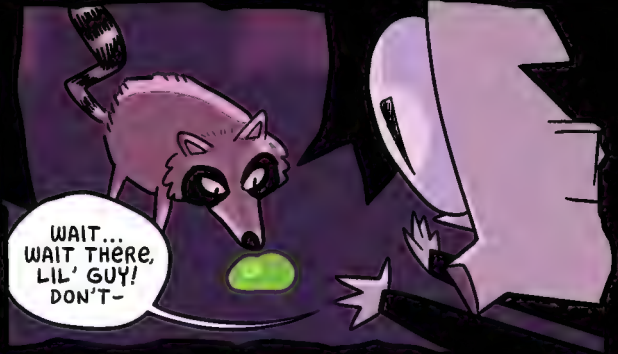






YOW!

HSSSSS



WAIT...  
WAIT THERE,  
LIL' GUY!  
DON'T-



GOMP.



BLEHH!

WOBBLE  
WOBBLE



THE GOOP!!  
THAT MUST BE  
THE CAUSE OF  
THE MUTATION  
IN THAT BIRD!

AND THIS  
RACCOON!

AND MAYBE  
MORE?



HSSSS



AAAAHHH,  
AND UNRELATED  
RABIES!!!!

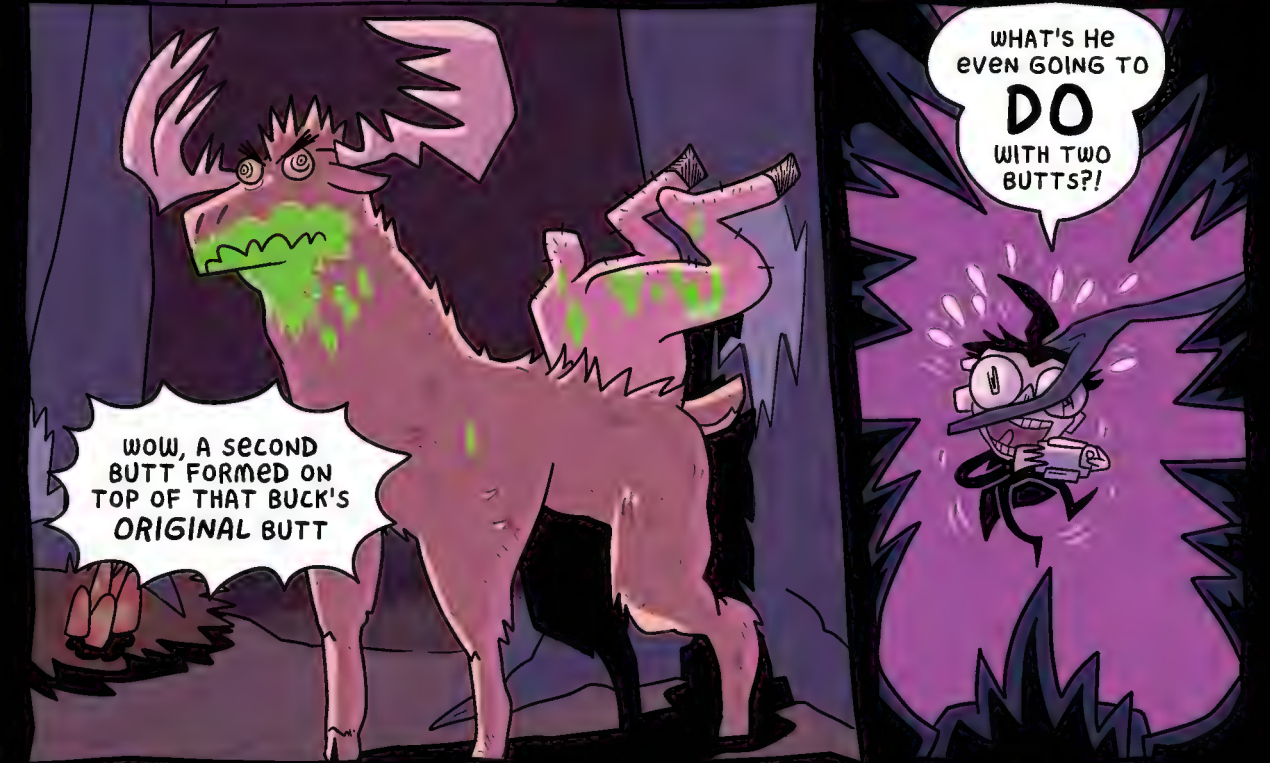




SOMETHING  
HIDDEN IN THIS FOREST  
IS TURNING WILD ANIMALS  
INTO FIERCE PSYCHIC  
WARRIORS!

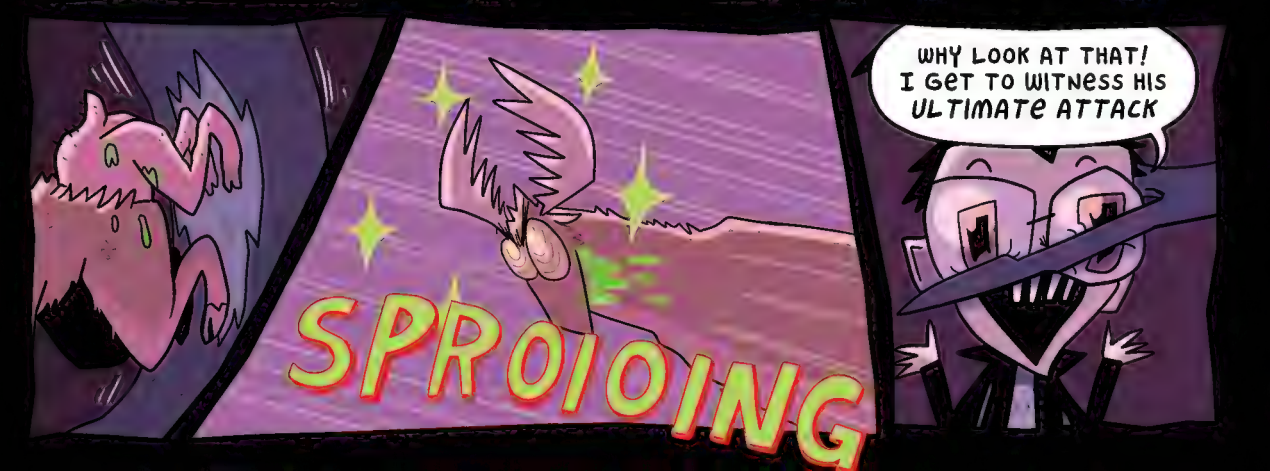
SQUEAK

CLOMP.



WHAT'S HE  
EVEN GOING TO  
**DO**  
WITH TWO  
BUTTS?!

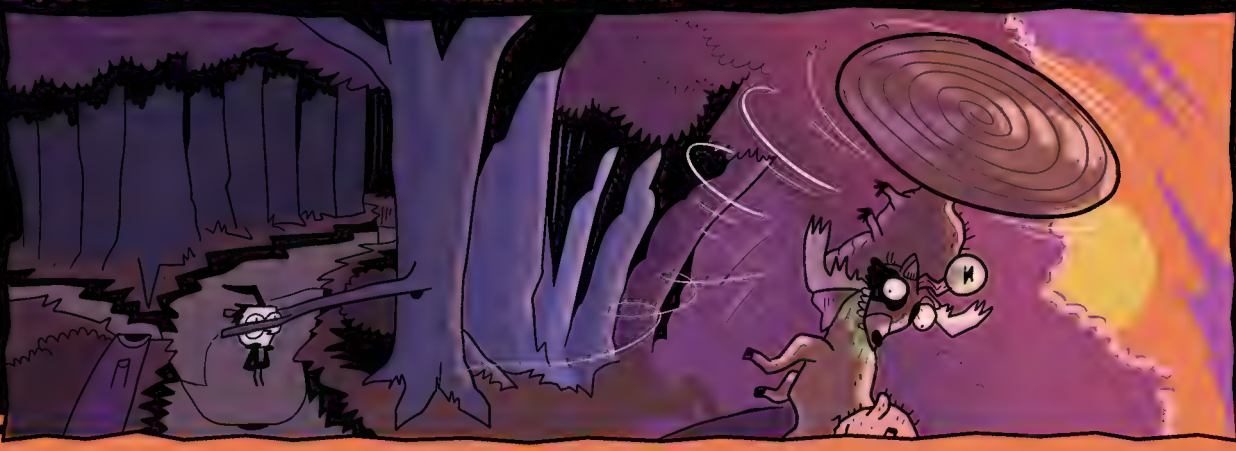
WOW, A SECOND  
BUTT FORMED ON  
TOP OF THAT BUCK'S  
ORIGINAL BUTT



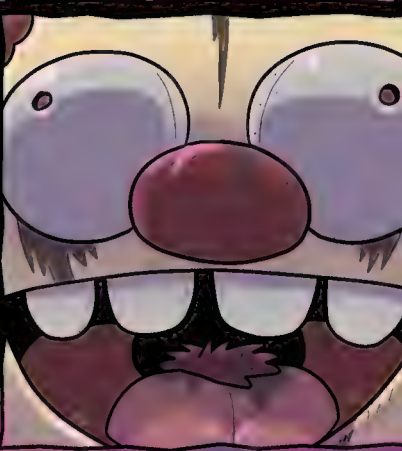
WHY LOOK AT THAT!  
I GET TO WITNESS HIS  
ULTIMATE ATTACK

**SPROIOING**













AN OLD  
CARNIVAL?

OUT  
HERE...?









AND BECAUSE I LOVE IT, I NEED A HAIR SAMPLE



SCREEEEEE



CHOMP!



Y-YOU?!

CRUNCH  
CRUNCH



WHAT THE-



OH MAN!!  
MORE MUTATED  
BIRDS! A WHOLE  
FLOCK!

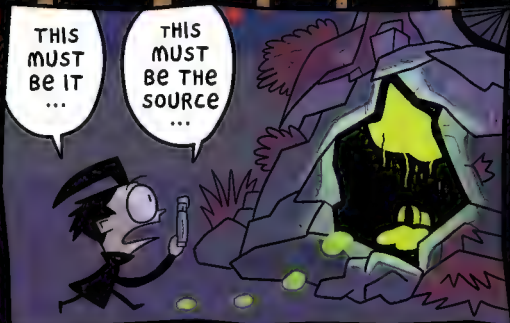
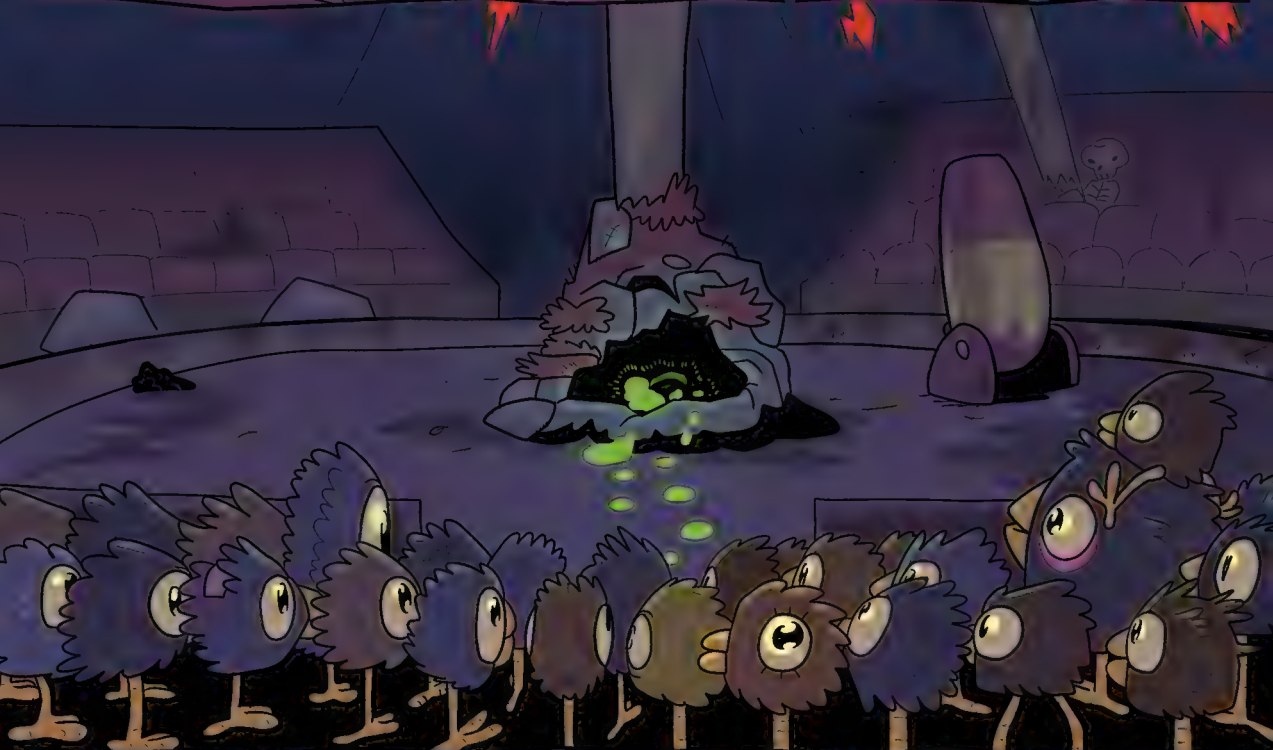


CHRRP!  
CHRRP!



BECKON

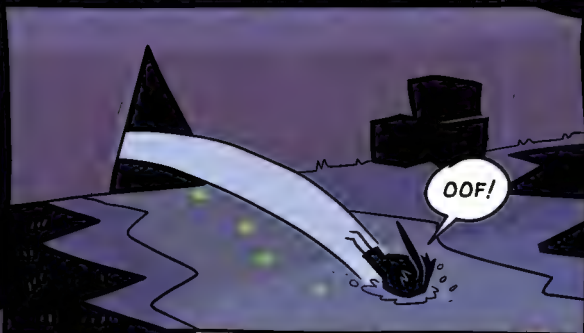










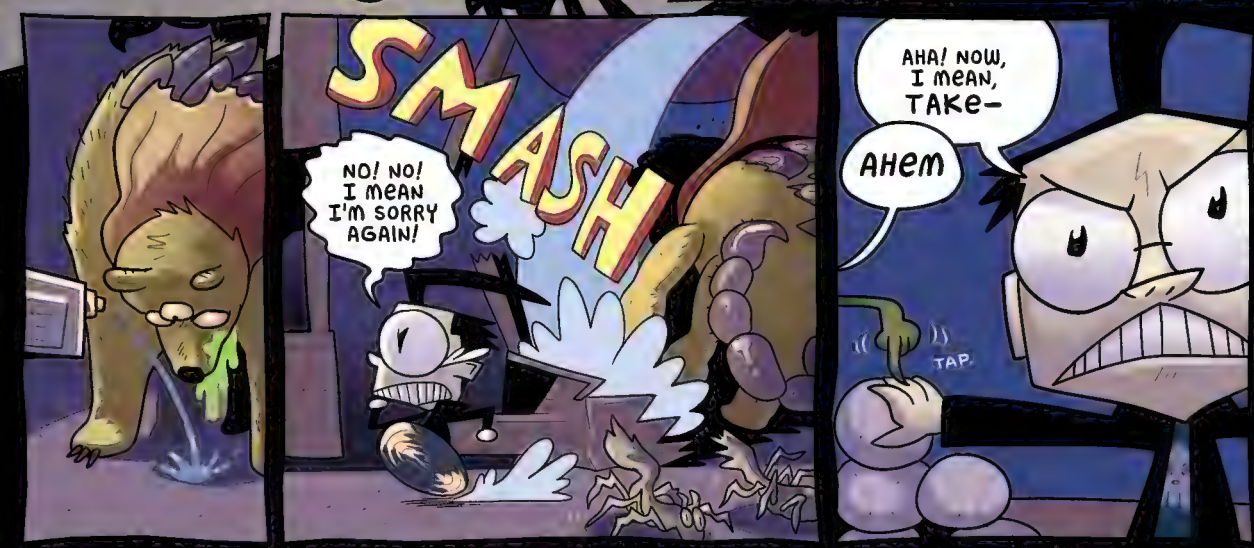






NO, WAIT,  
I MEAN  
TAKE THIS!

OH! I  
FORGOT!  
SORRY!!!



NO! NO!  
I MEAN  
I'M SORRY  
AGAIN!

AHA! NOW,  
I MEAN,  
TAKE-

AHEM



CHOKE  
ON IT

OK OK,  
SORRY!  
BUT NOW  
YOU  
CAN...



TAKE  
THIS!

AND I'M  
NOT  
GONNA  
TAKE  
IT BACK  
THIS  
TIME!



Test  
your  
Strength!

DI-IN-IN-  
ING

foomp.

ULP--

PHOOE

SWOOP

WHAT IS  
THIS?

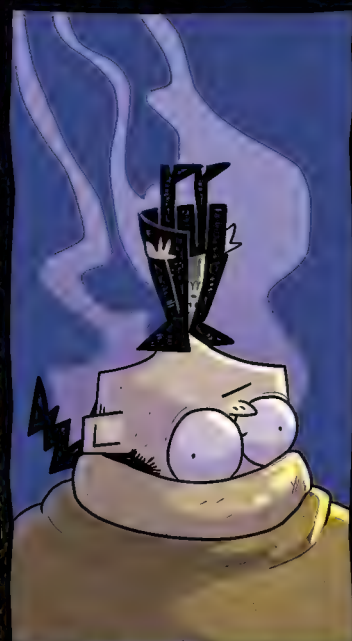
WHAT  
AM I  
STUCK  
IN.

W-WOAH!

FF















NOW WE CAN FULLY DESTROY THIS EVIDENCE SO THERE'LL BE NOTHING TO INCRIMINATE US IN THE CLASS ACTION LAWSUIT AGAINST US BY THOSE ICE CREAM STORE OWNERS!



HA HA!

THEY'LL GO BROKE!



NOW.

**FUMP**

YOU'LL NEED TO COME WITH US.



NO WAIT! I-I WON'T TELL ANYONE ABOUT THE LAWSUIT!

WHAT? HAHA NO, NOTHING THAT SINISTER!



AND WHO'D BELIEVE YA ANYWAY!



NO, THE THING IS: YOU'VE ACTUALLY BEEN IN CLOSE AND ALMOST DIRECT CONTACT WITH HIGHLY IRRADIATED MATERIAL!

YOU'RE GONNA NEED A DEEP CLEAN.



UHH

**YEE-OUCH!**

DOES IT HAVE TO BE THAT HOT?!

**YYYYOW!**

**BZZZZZZZZ**

HEY, WHAT'S WITH THE HAIR CLIPPERS?

**FFFFSSSSHHH**



# THE NEXT DAY:

WELL,  
BESIDES BEING  
SHAVED AND BOILED  
CLEAN, THAT WAS  
QUITE AN EDUCATING  
ADVENTURE!

DIB! DIB!!  
PSSSST!

TAP  
TAP  
TAP

HI DIB!  
GOOD  
NEWS!

I HEARD YOU WERE HOME SICK  
TODAY, SO I WANTED YOU TO  
KNOW THAT I'M TAKING THIS  
OPPORTUNITY TO MOVE MY  
NEW AND IMPROVED BIG PLAN  
WITH BIRDS  
UP TO....

...NOW!

ACKTHPTT!

AAHH!

HA HA HA HA!!  
GOT YOU!

GOT YOU  
WITH BIRDS,  
DIB!

WITH  
BIIIRDS!

WINK!

END.



**INVADER**  
**ZIM**™

**CREATORS**





## JHONEN VASQUEZ

Jhonen Vasquez is a writer and artist who walks in many worlds, not unlike Blade, only without having to drink blood-serum to survive the curse that is also his greatest power (still talking about Blade here). He's worked in comics and animation and is the creator of *Invader ZIM*, a fact that haunts him to this day.

@JhonenV

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## ERIC TRUEHEART

Eric Trueheart was one of the original writers on the *Invader ZIM* television series back when there was a thing called "television." Since then, he's made a living writing moderately-inappropriate things for people who make entertainment for children, including Dreamworks Animation, Cartoon Network, Disney TV, PBS, Hasbro, and others. Upon reading this list, he now thinks he maybe should have become a dentist, and he hates teeth.

@erictrueheart

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## SAM LOGAN

Sam Logan is best known as the creator of *Sam and Fuzzy*, a massive comedy adventure series that he has been writing and illustrating for over 15 years. He's also either partly or completely responsible for *President Dog*, *Skull Panda*, the *Underground RPG*, and a lot of unrelated problems. He lives in Vancouver, BC with his two dogs. (They're very good boys.)

@samandfuzzy

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## KC GREEN

Down and out in Massachusetts, KC Green writes and draws comics for a long time, then a longer time happens where he is playing video games or watching the same five YouTube ASMR videos. The day starts again in much the same path, but instead maybe it's Wednesday and not Tuesday. Visit his work at [kcgreendotcom.com](http://kcgreendotcom.com).

@kcgreenn







## KATE SHERRON

Kate Sherron is an artist, designer, and comic book writer whose comics credits include *The Amazing World of Gumball*, *Adventure Time*, *Rugrats*, *Labyrinth: A Discovery Adventure*, and, of course, *Invader ZIM*. Kate also wrangles hellbeasts in an amateur capacity and lives in St. Louis, MO.

@katesherron

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## MEG CASEY

Meg Casey currently resides just outside of Savannah, GA with her husband and two cats. She never fulfilled her childhood dream of becoming an accountant, and has sadly settled for being a comic artist instead.

@spookymeaghan

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## FRED C. STRESING

Fred C. Stresing is a colorist, artist, writer, and letterer for a variety of comics. You may recognize his work from *Invader ZIM*, the comic you are holding. He has been making comics his whole life, from the age of six. He has gotten much better since then. He currently resides in Savannah, Georgia with his wife and two cats. He doesn't know how the cats got there, they are not his.

@FredCStresing

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## WARREN WUCINICH

Warren Wucinich is an illustrator, colorist, and part-time carny currently living in Durham, NC. When not making comics he can usually be found watching old *Twilight Zone* episodes and eating large amounts of pie.

@warrenwucinich





Things are about to get physical with the annual measuring of athletic accuity: **THE PHITNESS TEST!** I mean, **THE FITNESS TEST!** Wait, it is actually called **THE PHITNESS TEST!**



# INVADER ZIM

VOLUME 7

Shame Sprints. Pelvic Squidges. The Fifty-Yard Cringe. Sit-ups. All this and more are on Presidentman's National Physical Phitness Test. Normally, Dib and ZIM wouldn't even care, but Presidentman himself is congratulating the winner, and if ZIM can get close enough to zap his head... well, he's going to zap his head. Now ZIM and Dib are in a battle of the bulge as they bulk up their muscles to compete! Plus: a special two-part prison story! The hottest toy sweeping the nation, Mr. Wiener Face! And will Dib finally get the Swollen Eyeball's attention with his newest investigation?



RELIVE THE  
TERROR OF WATCHING  
THE INVADER ZIM  
TV SHOW BY READING  
INVADER ZIM  
THE COMIC!

